BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1944

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
C. FOX SMITH
FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Pocket versus Placket

'GOR-RAY' Skirts

LOOK FOR THE 'GOR-RAY' LABEL

The right kind of pocket, in the right place, on the right side . . . that's the 'ZWOW,' a feature of "Gor-ray" Skirts which particularly pleases smart women with the modern outlook. No ugly placket: no buttons or other fasteners to cause hip bulge or gaping, or otherwise spoil the line of that slim silhouette. Drapers and stores everywhere stock "Gor-ray" Skirts in a variety of delightful styles.

All the better for the 'Zwow' REGD. Pocket

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Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 28, No. 3 MARCH, 1944

CONTENTS FOR MARCH

Cover Design

by *Critchlow*

Articles

Looking Ahead—to the Boon-time
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations by *Edgar Spenceley* 13 and 58

Secret Weapons—Don't Win Wars
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decorations by *J. Nicolson* 14–15 and 62

Don'ts for Diplomats
by *Negley Farson*
Decoration by *Ray Tooby* 16 and 54

The "Jet Plane" Inventor
by *Peter O'Neill* 20 and 56

Old Tales Re-told :
Elenka, a Sultan's Favourite
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24

The Bay of Biscay
by *C. Fox Smith* 25 and 66

Second In Command
by *Wilma Buckley* 29 and 61

The Country Cottage
by *C. Lovett Turner* 42 and 52

Home Section

On Duty—and Off :
by *Jane Gordon* 33 and 67

How to Paint and Distemper a Room 34–35

Knitting :
Woolly Jacket 36 and 67
Crochet Fascinator 36

Dress
by *Jean Burnup* 37

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
The Food for Your Job 38
These . . . Give You Away 39

Spring Cleaning After Hours 40

Backyard Birds 43

Women Will Be Needed Here
by *Winifred Lewis* 44–45

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Rush Hour in the Kitchen 46–47
Left Overs 46
When Offal Is On 47

Children of To-morrow
by *Louisa Kay* 48

This Month in the Garden 51

General

Books
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 52

Stories

Box No. 29
by *Stanley Jackson*
Illustrations by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 61

Liberty Boat
by *George Stern*
Illustrations by *Jack Matthew* 17–19 and 56

No Moon or Star
by *Frances Richardson*
Illustrations by *M. Mackinlay* 26–28 and 68

No Ballerina, No Brandy
by *Richard Lakin*
Illustrations by *Albert Bailey* 30–32 and 64

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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More than a Soap - a Beauty Treatment

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St Martin "CHUNKY" MARMALADE

"St. Martin 'CHUNKY' is as different as it is delicious, and while oranges are scarce public recognition of this makes demand embarassingly strong. Nobody longs more ardently than we for the day when there will be enough 'CHUNKY' again to give all marmalade connoisseurs as much as they want. Until then the best endeavours of our distributors and ourselves will be employed in apportioning restricted supplies with scrupulous fairness. So keep trying, keep enquiring — 'CHUNKY' is worth an effort."

St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.
Maidenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Ely, Horsted Keynes.

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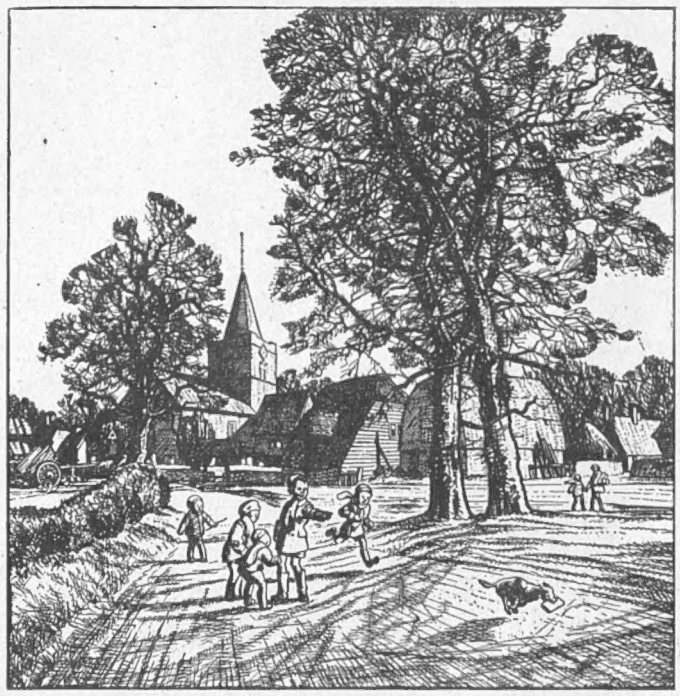


Children have a special claim to Horlicks

—please leave it for them

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Though

out of sight

to memory dear

Schweppes

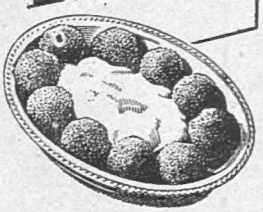
What is wrong with this picture?

Apart from any other slips there may be here, it would be quite impossible to sell Caley FORTUNE Chocolates instead of the usual Flag Day emblems. And for a very good reason. Caley's aren't making FORTUNE now—at least, *not until after the war.* But for the folk who enjoy fine chocolate there's still Norwich Chocolate Blocks—by Caley of course.

What else is wrong? Isn't December 20 an unusual time for Primrose Day? And that nurse, surely she would be wearing a cape or a coat at this time of the year? Where's the collecting box?

CALEY
CHOCOLATE

New ways with the new SALT FISH



Baked Cod with Parsnip Balls and Piquant Sauce

2 lb. parsnips, salt, pepper, browned crumbs, 1 lb. soaked salt cod, 4 tablespoons dripping. SAUCE: *½ oz. margarine, 2 level tablespoons flour, ½ pint vegetable stock, salt, pepper, mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar.* QUANTITY: *4 helpings.*

Cook the parsnips till quite soft. Drain and mash well with seasonings. Form into balls and coat in browned crumbs. Skin and bone fish, place in baking tin and spread with dripping. Bake in a quick oven for 5 minutes, then add parsnip balls and bake together for 20 minutes.

Sauce: Melt margarine, add flour, cook 3 minutes. Add liquid gradually, stirring well, and cook for another 5 minutes. Season and stir in vinegar. Serve with fish in centre of dish, the parsnip balls round and the sauce over the fish.

THE salt fish we get now is proving very popular. Are you serving it often? You should; because salt fish is every bit as nourishing as fresh fish—a really first-class body-builder, as good in this respect as a meat meal. Grand for children as well as grown-ups, and what a bargain at only 10d. a pound!

As you know, this fish has to be soaked for at least 24 hours to get the salt out. Ask the fishmonger, and if he hasn't soaked it for long, finish the soaking at home. To do this, put the fish, skin side up, in plenty of cold water. Then cook it the same day.

HOW TO BOIL SALT FISH. Drain off the soaking water and rinse the fish under the cold tap. Cut in convenient pieces; put in a pan with cold water to cover and bring slowly to the boil. Cook until tender, about ten minutes. Drain well and use as required.

You can use any of your favourite recipes calling for fresh fish. But, to give you something new, here are some special recipes:

COD PANCAKES. *½ lb. salt cod, cooked and flaked in small pieces; 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 2 level tablespoons mixed herbs, 6 oz. mashed carrots.* **Batter:** *4 oz. flour, 1 level tablespoon dried egg (dry), 2 level teaspoons baking powder, salt, ½ pint water. (Makes 4 helpings).*

Make the batter by mixing together all the dry ingredients, adding sufficient water to make a stiff batter. Beat well and add the remainder of the water. Add to the batter the flaked cod, parsley, seasoning, herbs and carrots. Melt some fat in a pan and when smoking hot drop in large spoonfuls of the mixture. Brown the pancakes on one side and then turn over and brown the other.

SALT FISH LYONNAISE. *1 medium sized onion, sliced; fat for frying; 3 medium sized potatoes, cooked and sliced; 1 lb. soaked salt fish, cooked and flaked; 1 teaspoon vinegar; pepper; chopped parsley.*

Fry onion in a little fat till tender, add potato and fish and fry until brown. Sprinkle over vinegar, pepper and parsley. If liked, serve with a sauce and salad, or with vegetables coated with sauce and extra potatoes.

TASTY FISH-PASTE SANDWICH FILLING. *3 oz. finely chopped cooked salt fish; 3 oz. well mashed potato; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 2 tablespoons chopped raw onion; 2 dessertspoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon made mustard; pepper; ½ oz. melted margarine*

Mix all ingredients together very thoroughly to give a smooth paste.

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Templeton's "AYR" WOOLS

Limited in quantity
Supreme in quality

Wools are scarce — so mend and make do

AYR WOOLS

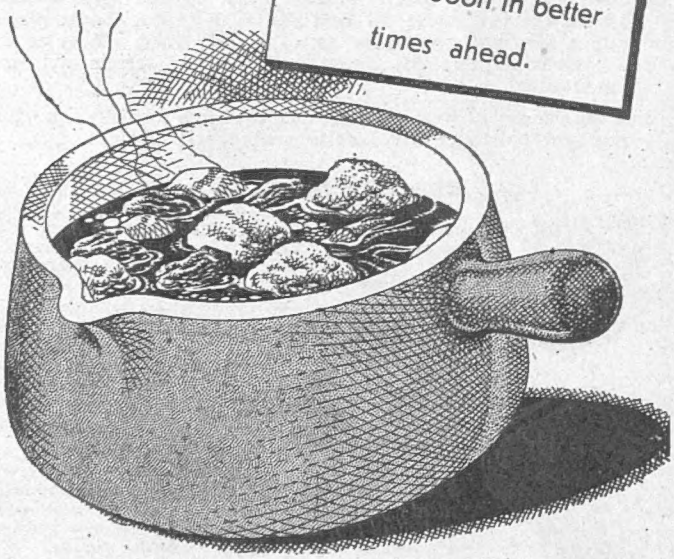
JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • AYR • SCOTLAND

Unexcelled for Tea Time Sandwiches

Unexcelled C&B since 1706

CROSSE & BLACKWELL LTD

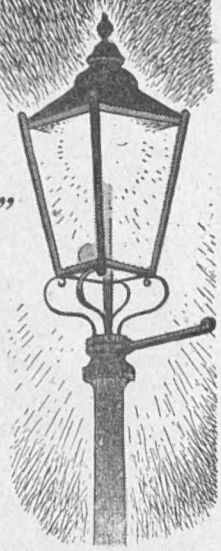
A great help in war-time—a boon in better times ahead.



BISTO

for soups and stews

"...and the LIGHTS will come back!"



—and uncurtained windows will glow a welcome home. There will be happiness, contentment and the simple good things of life that are every child's heritage.

There will be good health, too. Amidst the strife of the present conflict, the care of the health of our children has been shouldered with courage. So, in a strange wartime world they flourish . . . . Youth marches on.

In the home the widespread use of 'Milk of Magnesia' has undoubtedly contributed to the maintenance of health amongst the little ones. The effects of restrictions and special conditions upon the infant mind and body are appreciably lessened by strict attention to the correction of minor ailments.

By promoting health in the nursery, 'Milk of Magnesia' is safeguarding our children and so building sound constitutions worthy of the men and women of to-morrow.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

JOAN BULL takes the BISCUIT!

—and needs it too. Biscuits help her to carry on her countless jobs, whether in the Services or on the land, in factories, in hospitals, or keeping the home going.

Biscuits are concentrated energy-food, and the finest ingredients obtainable—wheat, sugar and fats—are used by Weston, the largest makers of biscuits in the Empire.

(The distribution of Weston Biscuits is made by zones according to Ministry of Food instructions, and as supplies are allocated in exact proportion to individual quotas, every Weston stockist receives exactly similar treatment.)

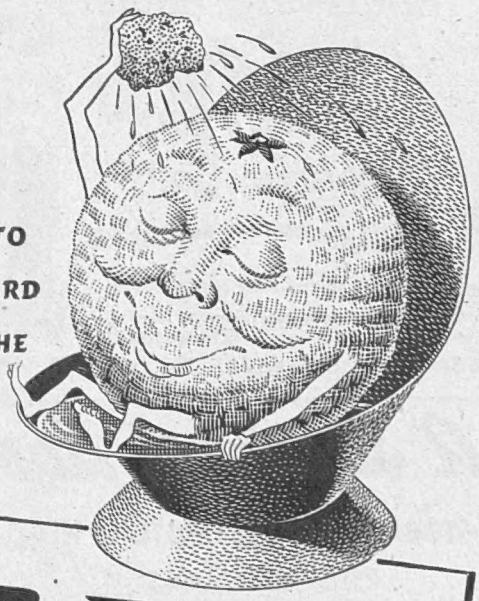
Weston BISCUITS
FOR CHOICE

"I'm Peter, the Squirrel,
I'm **SELFRIDGES** pride!
Learn thrift from me, lady
By walking inside!
I teach coupon-saving
I'm nuts at the task—
My Advice Bureau* answers
Whatever you ask!"

*The Coupon Advisory Bureau is on the Ground Floor

SO REFRESHING!

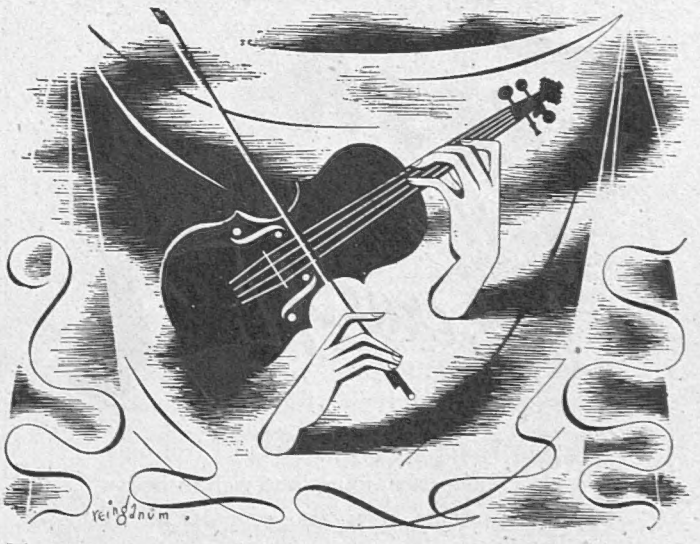
SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO AFTER THE WAR



IDRIS
QUALITY SOFT DRINKS

BY APPOINTMENT

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON. MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



FOUR STRETCHED STRINGS and a horsehair bow! These, in the simplest terms, are the fiddler's "tools". Yet, in the hands of a maestro, they can be made to produce the most exquisite melodies. In a parallel way, consider the symphonies of textile design and colour produced by Marshall's artists, restricted *though unhampered* by "Utility" specifications! The current Marshall Fabrics are eloquent indeed of mastery over materials, particularly in the exquisite harmonies of the "near woollen" (spun rayon) range. Consider, too, their technical excellence, supple "handle", perfect draping qualities, maximum shrinkage. Truly the Marshall guarantee—"Style Right, Price Right"—means more than ever to you to-day. * Our restricted supplies are fairly distributed to all our stockists.

Marshall Fabrics STYLE RIGHT—PRICE RIGHT

Fashion Rayons, printed, dyed and woven. Dress, Suiting and Coating Woollens. Woven Cottons

Shortage of cosmetics doesn't worry me! The best aid to beauty is inner health. So—
every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Two's company...
Here's the perfect couple—jacket and dress, tailored in fine worsted woollen with contrasting check. A model from Hershelle's new collection.
Hershelle MODEL
. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

Fresh to the last crust!

Ask your Baker for Procea Bread. Not only is it appetising, sustaining, and rich in body-building proteins, it is also economical. It stays fresh for days. No dry crumbs. No cutting to waste. Contains extra proteins. If your Baker cannot supply you, write to **PROCEA PRODUCTS LIMITED, Cambridge Works, Hanwell, London, W.7**

Procea Bread

MOTOLUXE
THE COSIEST OF COATS

'Whatever should I have done without my Motoluxe Coat?'

Motoluxe Coats are still in short supply we regret
Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain. If any difficulty, write to the manufacturers
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1

A Squirrel does it!

STORAGE AGAINST FUTURE NEED

ESSE ALSO DOES IT.

Work is light in an ESSE kitchen—no smoke, fumes, soot, grime, daily fire-lighting or continuous stoking. An ESSE burns marvellously little fuel yet is always ready for use. ESSE Cookers are available for essential domestic requirements.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. *Established 1854*
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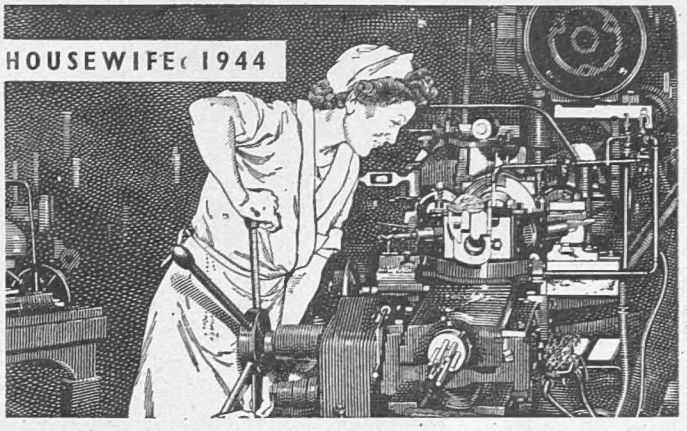
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW: 11 Dixon Street, C.1

Take it from me -

Phillips

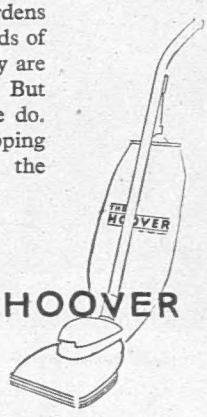
Rubber Soles and Heels are worth waiting for!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST



The Hand that held the Hoover works the Lathe!

With no glamour of uniform, with all the burdens and responsibilities of running a home, thousands of housewives in 1944 are war-workers too. They are doing a double job. They get no medals for it. But if ever women deserved especial honour, these do. So to all war-workers who also tackle shopping queues, cooking, cleaning, mending and the hundred and one other household jobs



Salute! FROM HOOVER

Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

CREATED BY A MASTER

For Women with the World before them

Goya

LONDON

Perfume £5 : 10 : 0

Powder 10s. 9d.

Lipstick 7s. 6d.

Ladies' Shirts

TAILORED BY

BONSOIR

USUALLY FROM ALL LEADING STORES

'Oh, do stop nagging, Mother!'

Nagging isn't a habit of Mrs. Barr's. Nor would her daughter dream of rounding on her like that as a rule. But just now they're both overtired. Mind you, they're quite prepared to put up with war conditions for years longer if necessary, but like the rest of us they can't help feeling the irritating effects of restrictions at times.

When strength-reserves are used up more quickly than they are replaced, it's natural to get short-tempered. Irritability is a sort of distress-signal — proof that the body requires more nourishment to replenish its reserves. In particular, more fats of the right sort.

Butter and eggs are not the only natural sources of vitamin-fats. There is an even finer one which is not rationed at all — cod liver oil! The richest, most dependable cod liver oil is SevenSeaS. It is a pure, sea-fresh oil, palatable and easily digested.

Remember, doctors recommend SevenSeaS for growing children because it is highly concentrated, highly nourishing *food*. And it is just as valuable to adults. A little every day makes all the difference between being fit and being a bit under the weather. In fact, SevenSeaS is a fine insurance against feeling 'browned-off!'

SevenSeaS pure Cod Liver Oil from Chemists in 3 forms. Standard Oil 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6. Concentrated Oil 1/9. Concentrated Oil in Capsules from 1/9.

PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

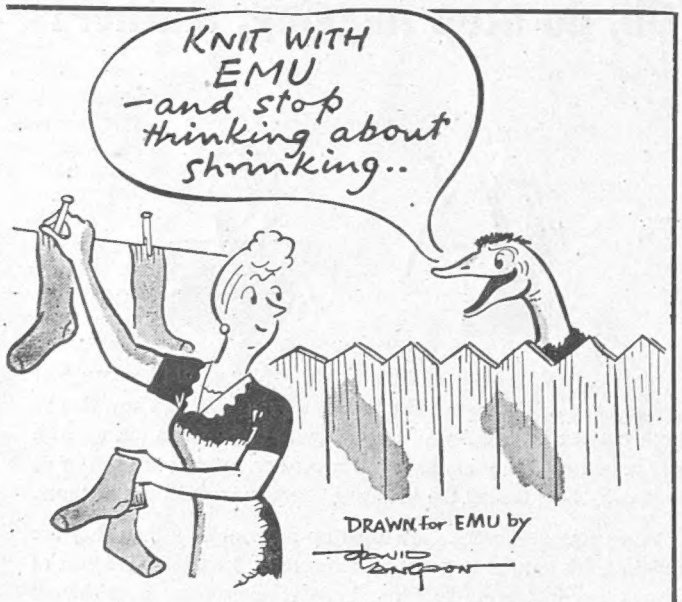
Harella man-tailored coat in cosy woollen material. Note the deft contrasting touch on the collar, the gilt-rimmed buttons, and the clean assured cut. Good fashion stores have this model, and other attractive Harella originals in a tempting range of lovely wearable colours. In case of difficulty write to L. Harris Ltd. (wholesale only), 243 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Creased—or bandbox-fresh?

Wrinkles simply drop out! And 'Tebilized' brand rayons have more than *tested crease-resistance*; they drape more subtly, need less washing and ironing. Their stabler dyes, reduced shrinkage-risk and longer useful life conserve raw materials for war manufacture. So when you *must* buy, choose 'Tebilized' brand rayons for thrift and smartness.

fabrics branded TEBILIZED Regd
have tested crease-resistance

'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS ASSOCIATION, 2 COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER 2



Emu UNSHRINKABLE WOOLS

Obtainable from the best shops and stores everywhere

Explanatory booklet entitled "Science and Wool"—which tells you why Emu wools are unshrinkable—together with a Catalogue of "Knitpat" knitting leaflets, available on request. Price 1d. each.

EMU WOOLS
AFRICA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

"Watch me make dolly Schoolgirl Complexion all over"

She's only repeating what Mummie has told her. But because she's going to grow up a "Palmolive Girl," one day her faith in that rich, velvety, olive oil lather, will be even more unshakable than it is now. Palmolive will keep her "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over.

4d. *Including Tax*

PALMOLIVE

BRITANNIA and EVE March 1944

MILCH sipped his drink and the plummy flavour settled mellowly on his tongue. "But a sensible fellow like yourself, Mr. Grujic, may not have to wait so long for his pension," he drawled smiling.

Box No. 29

A Tale Of The Guerilla Warfare In Yugoslavia

By Stanley Jackson

COLONEL MARTIN clicked his teeth impatiently. He was a pottery-faced man with a longish jaw and brooding eyes. He wore sun-stained khaki which needed valeting, and contrasted sharply with the neat white drill which seemed to cling to the lanky figure of his visitor.

"I see you were in the Foreign Office before the war," rumbled the Colonel.

Bingham nodded with a nervous smile. "You 're my only hope for a transfer, Sir," he pointed out quietly. "They 've turned down my application for a move to Airborne." He uncoiled his long legs and managed to look like a wistful schoolboy, despite his six-foot-three and wide shoulders. "I 'm heartily sick of firing the same routine questions at surly Huns. If I have to examine another prisoner, I 'll run amok and probably beat him over the head with a roll of red tape or something."

The Colonel grunted and succeeded in controlling a smile.

"Can't you wangle a Staff job here in Cairo?" he queried sharply. "You went to Eton, and your father's in the Cabinet," he added sourly.

Bingham pushed back a lock of sandy hair that kept straying to his left eye.

"I 'm told you 're the only man in Egypt who has a monopoly of the exciting jobs in Intelligence," he said earnestly. His whole manner was now overhung with hopelessness. There was nothing to be got out of this mummy.

Martin screwed up his eyes. "Ever been in Jugoslavia?" he asked sleepily.

The Captain jerked forward in surprise. "One or two boating holidays on the Dalmatian coast, Sir."

"Speak the lingo?"

"Rather academically, Sir, but fair enough to pass." The Colonel came out of his stupor and was suddenly very brisk. He wrote something on a sheet of paper and handed it to Bingham.

"Go and see Matthews in Room 484," he snapped irritably. "You 're going on another boating trip, but it won't be much of a holiday. Anyway, if you run into a bullet don't say you didn't ask for it." A puckish grin widened over his face. "Good hunting, and I wish I were going with you." They shook hands.

X X

When he was alone, the Colonel lit his pipe and chuckled. He reached for the internal 'phone and dialled a number.

"Captain Bingham is on his way over," he said briskly. "Just the man to take poor old Johnson's place. Good brain, good shoulders and wants action. Give him twenty-four hours in the Map Room and see that our chap in Zagreb knows that he is coming. . . ."

GRUJIC carefully stacked the unwashed dishes in a corner and rolled himself a brown-paper cigarette. Outside the rain was hissing down. He went to the window, still licking the cigarette-paper, and peered out into the night. The hard beam of the Zagreb Express cut a sharp wedge into the dark wet curtain. For a moment Grujic remained at the window listening. Distant guns growled from the mountains and the train gave out a thin screech of warning as it rounded the curve. There would be nothing else until No. 16, a slow milk train, rumbled over the bridge. At midnight Mikhail would come in, grumbling, with his little black bag under his arm and curse the weather.

Grujic sat at his little table and brooded. The six control levers were at rest and another day's work was done. He had been in this box now for seventeen years, but, somehow, the railwayman's acquiescence had escaped him. Since he was a lad of nineteen, apart from that slice made by the last war, his life had slid quietly along the Company's rails like a slow but regular train. His father had been a brakeman and his grandfather a clerk in the goods yards at Novi Pazar. If young Yak did not get himself into trouble with those hothead rebels, he would make more money than all his ancestors.

Yet Grujic was not quiet in his soul. In a few months he would retire and become eligible for his pension. Long indeed had he contemplated the serenity of a small flat in Zagreb, with dominoes in a café and the laughter of small children sailing their toy boats on the lake. And now the war had come with its uncertainties. He rubbed his hand over his eyes and tried to fight off the dread of being dismissed by the Germans and left to starve. The Company was still functioning, but it was the Nazis who moved the controls. He puffed hard on his cigarette and hoped Ober-Leutnant Milch would not be late. He was an enemy, true, but good company, and, somehow, his easy arrogance was a comfort. The Ober-Leutnant would surely say a friendly word about a pension for a railway man who had done his duty and kept out of the clutches of the guerillas and such mischief-makers.

BINGHAM got to his feet and pulled on his coat. "We are asking much, Mr. Grujic, but you must not fail us. Remember you are a soldier, a veteran of Plevna." The word seemed to electrify the old man. He braced his shoulders and stood erect.

He glanced at the clock over the rack of levers—20.05. The German was late to-night; most unusual. Grujic had a moment of dismay. Strange how he had come to look forward to these evening visits! After the routine search for bombs, sticks of dynamite, and so on, Milch would graciously consent to take a glass of "shlivovista" and talk about railways in Germany. He was lonely, too.

There was the splosh of wet leather on the stairs and the Ober-Leutnant stumped in. It was easy to see that he was not himself to-night. He nodded curtly, and the smile on Grujic's frog-face died into a sickly grimace. He hoped the Ober-Leutnant would not prod into the cupboard under the washstand. A friend had sent a sack of potatoes and onions only that morning. Grujic felt his scalp go prickly as the German poked his stick into each corner of the room.

"Nothing here," he grunted at last. Then he found the sack and methodically rummaged among the vegetables. He straightened up with a frown.

"Who brought these?" he rapped.

"A friend—a farmer," faltered Grujic. His hands were clammy with sweat.

"Be careful with your friends," snapped the German, sinking into a chair. "We found one of your countrymen on the line to-night, near Karlstadt." He laughed rustily. "He will learn that the curfew for civilians is not a joke."

"Yes, Excellency," wheezed Grujic. With a trembling hand, he poured a generous measure of "shlivovista" for the visitor. Milch sipped it comfortably and the lines seemed to soften in his leathery face. He smacked his lips and reached lazily for the flask.

"Have you any of that sausage stuff—the one with the red pepper?" he demanded, with a greedy glint in his eye.

Grujic whisked out a roll of "kloblase" and carved off a fat slice. He watched the German eating and tried to clamp what he was thinking between words.

"Excellency," he stammered at last, with a deferential smile. "Excellency, I sometimes sit here and wonder what will happen to employees like me when this war is finished." He spread his brown-knotted hands. "Will I secure my pension? It is not much, of course, but even an old man needs to hear the chink of coin in his trousers."

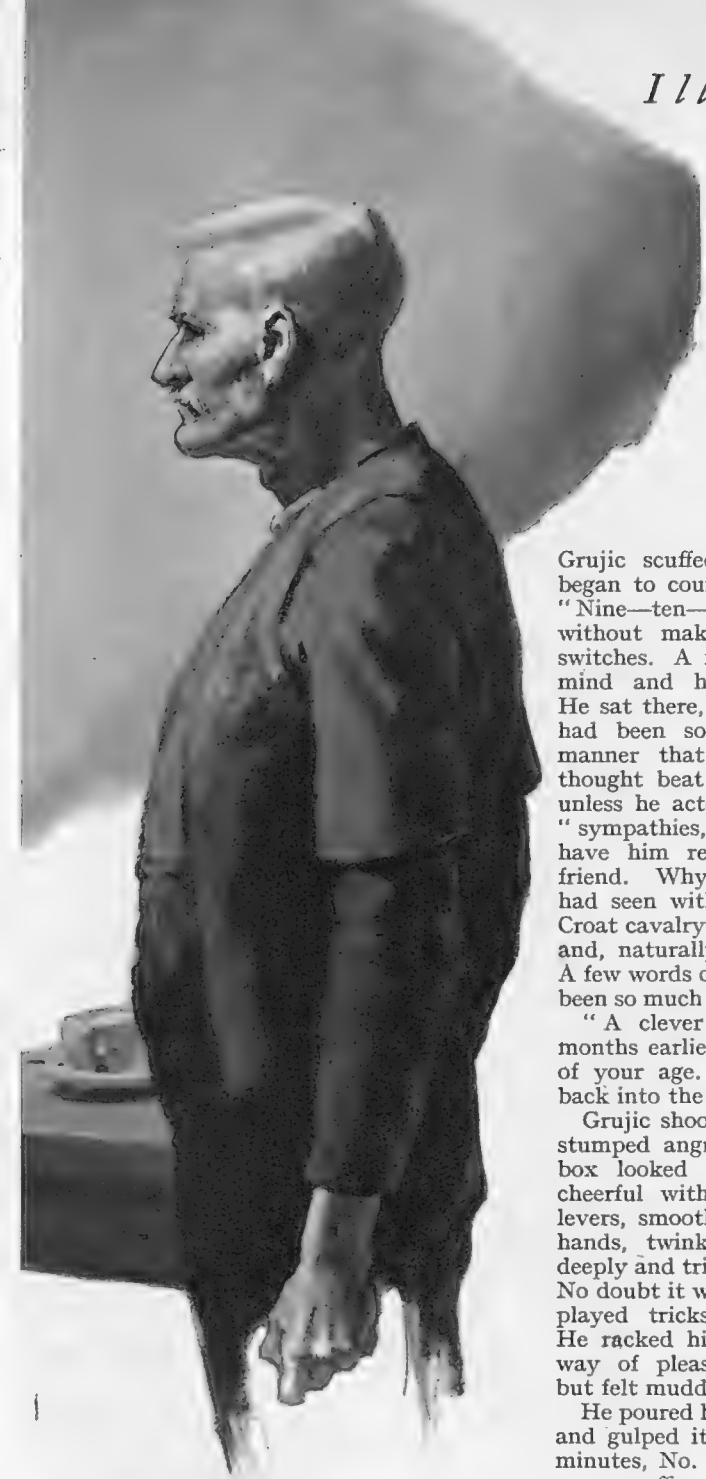
Milch helped himself to a huge slab of "kloblase" and munched in silent enjoyment for a while.

"Who knows?" he mumbled, still chewing carefully. "The war may continue for many years." He sipped his drink and the plummy flavour settled mellowly on his tongue. "But a sensible fellow like yourself, Mr. Grujic, may not have to wait so long for his pension," he drawled, smiling.

Grujic felt his heart thumping painfully against his ribs. He didn't like the Ober-Leutnant's smile, and it was the first time he had addressed him as "Mr." He wiped some loose wisps of tobacco from his moustache and grinned faintly.

Milch was still smiling in that peculiar way, showing small yellowish teeth with a gold one in the front. He got to his feet heavily and flicked some crumbs from

Illustrations by Edward Osmond



his breeches. "A few of your countrymen are becoming a little intoxicated by one or two successes," he drawled. "Bandits have been reported in this vicinity, even." He belched comfortably. "If you happened to hear anything suspicious, Mr. Grujic, it would not be difficult to ring on the telephone. You have my number. . . ." There was a sneer in his voice. "A clever man, a realist, might retire a few months early." He turned up the collar of his greatcoat. "Ill health would be a splendid excuse for a man of your age."

"Of course, Excellency," said Grujic, in a choked voice.

Milch's manner changed abruptly. "Switch off all lights," he rapped.

Grujic's mouth fell open. "But, Herr Ober-Leutnant," he faltered. "It is against the Company's rules."

The German pushed him aside roughly and snapped off the switches, one by one. In the faint glow of the stove, Grujic saw him take out his revolver and move stealthily to the door.

"You can switch on again when you've counted ten," he said, quietly.

After he had gone, Grujic scuffed his feet unhappily and began to count aloud in a shaky voice. "Nine—ten——" he said slowly, but still without making a move towards the switches. A flicker of panic crossed his mind and his throat had gone dry. He sat there, paralysed. To-night there had been something in the German's manner that terrified him. A single thought beat like a pulse in his head; unless he acted quickly and showed his "sympathies,' Milch would certainly have him replaced by a more active friend. Why, only a few days ago he had seen with his own eyes a troop of Croat cavalry streaking towards the hills, and, naturally, he had waved to them. A few words on the telephone would have been so much more sensible.

"A clever man might retire a few months earlier. Ill health. . . . A man of your age. . . ." The words drifted back into the warm darkness.

Grujic shook himself with a curse and stumped angrily across the room. The box looked quite normal and almost cheerful with the lights on. The six levers, smoothed and matured by many hands, twinkled at him. He inhaled deeply and tried to laugh down his terror. No doubt it was his imagination that had played tricks with the Nazi's words. He racked his brain painfully for some way of pleasing Ober-Leutnant Milch, but felt muddled and afraid.

He poured himself a glass of the brandy and gulped it down. In exactly twelve minutes, No. 16, the milk train, would come puffing over the bridge. Then, within the hour, Mikhail would cross the line, swinging his lantern and grumbling at the weather and a wife who nagged him without mercy. To-night, he would stay a while and chat with Mikhail, who was not a bad fellow once you knew him. Perhaps he would advise him how to handle the Ober-Leutnant. The thought cheered him so much that he rolled another cigarette with quite a steady hand. He was about to light it when the door opened and a huge figure stood squarely for a second, and then moved briskly to the table.

"Good evening, Grujic," said the stranger, speaking rather hesitantly in the "sto" dialect. He was a giant of a man with a sandy stubble on his chin. He wore an Army greatcoat that gave out a woolly dampness and underneath the tunic blouse of a peasant.

"Not a pleasant evening, Grujic," he said, with a faint smile. The rain was drumming steadily on the window. The stranger took off his coat and Grujic noted the revolver and long knife in the belt of the tunic. No doubt now who the man was; only the patriot armies used that particular kind of knife.

Grujic swallowed hard. "You are not permitted in here," he croaked at last. "The Company does not permit. . . ." The feeble attempt at authority was lost in the big man's roar of laughter.

"Don't disturb yourself about the Company, my friend," he boomed genially He drew up a chair and stared around him. His eyes rested for a moment on the levers and he seemed to be deep in thought. Grujic tried to figure out some plan, but felt icicles in his hair, and his heart was thumping again. The big man leaned back idly in his chair, but he was watching the door all the time, and his right hand rested on the revolver butt.

"Listen carefully, my friend," he said slowly, and the lazy grin had left his face. "To-morrow evening at 7.15 a train comes through here on its way to the capital. It comes from the coast, and it is loaded with guns and ammunition." He leaned forward and stared straight into Grujic's eyes. "Weapons for the Huns, weapons to kill your friends and brothers. . . ."

"You must go," stammered the old man. "I promise I shall not whisper a word that you came here." The giant suddenly put out a hand and shook Grujic so hard that the old man felt himself go dizzy.

"Pull yourself together, man." He was smiling again. "That train must never get to Zagreb. If it does, the enemy may be able to break out and smash our armies." He lit a cigarette and glanced quickly towards the door, listening tensely. "That train runs in two parts. When the first has been derailed, our men will stop the second one." He grinned like a schoolboy. "It will be full of reserve troops, but they won't reach the capital. You must see that the first train suffers a little accident."

"But what can I do, Sir?" pleaded Grujic.

"It's very simple, my friend," said Bingham, smoothly. "Another train, a slow freight, will be coming from the opposite direction. They will collide." He shrugged. "The engine-driver and his fireman will almost certainly be killed, but it is a small loss with so much at stake. Those men are Croats, and I am certain that if we told them our plan they would not hesitate. Your countrymen are brave, Grujic," he added, with a keen glance at the older man.

A mist swam in front of Grujic.

"I cannot," he babbled. "I cannot——" He sank on his knees and clasped

Bingham's legs. "You do not understand. No, you do not understand. My son—my Yak—drives that slow train. A good boy. Please do not make me kill him. . . ." He burst into tears.

Bingham looked grave. He stubbed out his cigarette and helped the old man back into his chair.

"I am indeed sorry," he said gently. "I didn't know. But there is no other way. All our plans are made. If we warned your son someone might become suspicious." He got to his feet and pulled on his coat. "We are asking much, Mr. Grujic—more than we knew—but you must not fail us. If you do, there will be many who will be eager to hang you from a tree. Yet I am confident that you will not fail. You are a soldier, a veteran of Plevna. . . ."

The word seemed to electrify the old man. He braced his shoulders and stood erect. There was a lump in his throat.

"I shall do my duty," he muttered. The Englishman was about to leave when Grujic rushed to the door and switched off the lights.

"Now go, my friend," he said thickly. "It is a little trick I have learned from the Germans."

"Thanks very much," said Bingham, lapsing unconsciously into English.

There was no sound save the hissing of the rain, and Grujic switched on the lights. He looked at the clock. In another two minutes No. 16 would have to be shunted through. He lit himself yet another cigarette, the fourth since Milch had gone, and there would be no more until Saturday. But so much would happen before then.

HE pulled the lever mechanically, and 16, the milk train, clanked by, as usual. Nicholas, the driver, would be in his bed in an hour, with the day's work done and no troubles. Grujic groaned in self-pity. He stared at his thick hands, grimy at the nails, and drummed moodily on the table. His face looked grey and the skin hung in loose folds between the deep lines.

No, what the Englishman asked was impossible! He was pensive for a while and a look of cunning screwed up his face. His hand fumbled for the telephone. Nobody would know that he had spoken to the Ober-Leutnant. Then a thought brushed his mind. The Partisans had agents everywhere; lines had been tapped before, as everyone knew. He hung up the receiver slowly. He was still sitting there, staring dumbly at the 'phone, when Mikhail came in.

"Weather of the devil," he grunted, putting down his bag. "You smoke like a chimney," he added, glancing at the tobacco-tin crammed with stubs.

"I am not well, Mikhail," groaned Grujic. "The ache is in my joints again." He looked up appealingly at the younger man. "I should like to lie down here on the floor. It is raining still."

Mikhail looked surprised but contented himself with a grunt. He ran his fingers over his black beard-stubble and took a book from his bag. He was studious, and planned, one day, to be an engineer, perhaps in America, where he had a cousin. For Grujic, with his dirty habits and odour of stale tobacco, he had nothing but contempt. Looking across at Mikhail, with the frowning forehead, Grujic had a new sense of despair. Useless to consult him on the problem that gnawed at him. He undressed slowly and settled into a troubled sleep, through which trains thundered madly and lines zigzagged in crazy patterns.

The mist had thinned from the hills when Mikhail shook him awake. The rain had ceased (*Continued on page* 61)

"A BIG man, an Englishman, I think, swung himself on as we slowed down round the bend. He had a revolver and told us to jump off or he'd blow out our brains."

Looking Ahead—

to the Boon-time

By Ferdinand Tuohy

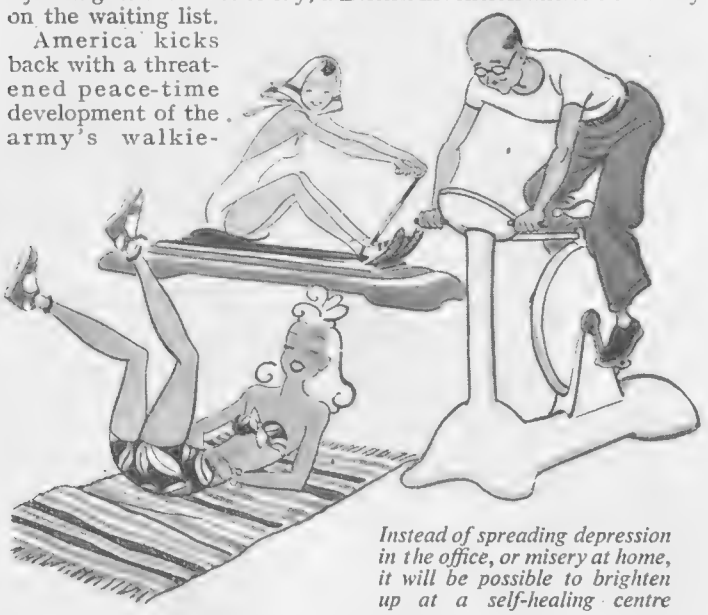
The duckling will enable happy couples to motor to the coast and, when the sea is calm, put out for a little waddle in quiet and privacy.

SOMEBODY told me I needed another hobby, so I've started collecting boons. The idea came one grey day as I read of another Benign Thing To Come. Of course! Now was the proper season, the latter part of wartime, that intent looking-ahead period. One could scarcely help seeing boons ahead.

My opening entry chanced to be "Traverse Machine." This is Bristolian Mr. Anderson's gadget, capable of guiding troops unerringly through thick fog, mist, pitch darkness and sandstorms in unknown country. The War Office says it does what is claimed, but that its production does not now warrant taking people off other work. Hereafter, an easily portable fog-guide should be welcome in many latitudes and altitudes, and even right down on the pavement after a convivial party.

How right is Lord Horder when he says that a coal fire is an indispensable antidote to the British climate. I've argued the same for years with central-heating fanatics. Why, the very visual life and company of a fire add to its heating propensities. So here's to the household fire which burns continuously day and night without relighting, does not smoke, needs cleaning out only once a week, produces the same heat for half the fuel used in the present grates, and heats upstairs too. The secret of this housewife's dream is regulation by draught. Needless to say, a British invention and it's officially on the waiting list.

America kicks back with a threatened peace-time development of the army's walkie-talkie apparatus. One of the "shining wonders" of the post-war world will be the portable wireless telephone set which will enable "almost any one to ring up and converse with almost any one else from almost anywhere." And if that doesn't sound dizzy enough, take it in conjunction with the further arrival of the midget radio set. Cigar-box size, able to go in a business brief case or a woman's handbag. They are to be marketed here at £6 or £8. Giving good reception on all wave-lengths and in strong volume, the sets will provide casual listening wherever it is wanted.



Instead of spreading depression in the office, or misery at home, it will be possible to brighten up at a self-healing centre

So you need never be mentally unoccupied or out of touch (the idea! how old-fashioned!). If you see someone with a pained expression, he or she is probably being rung up in the middle of a favourite aria.

Then there is self-heating soup, already in use. A fuse down the middle of the tin, one just pulls at a metal tag and waits four minutes. From this to the self-heating luncheon or dinner is obviously the merest progression. One will be relieved of the ordeal of the native restaurant:—

"Let's lunch by the water, Regent's Park." "Right. One sharp." On the way thither, in bus, tube, taxi or on one's flat feet, you pull your metal tag at four minutes to one; and, lo, a steaming meal is ready to be served on the greensward. And no hostile pans to bother you.

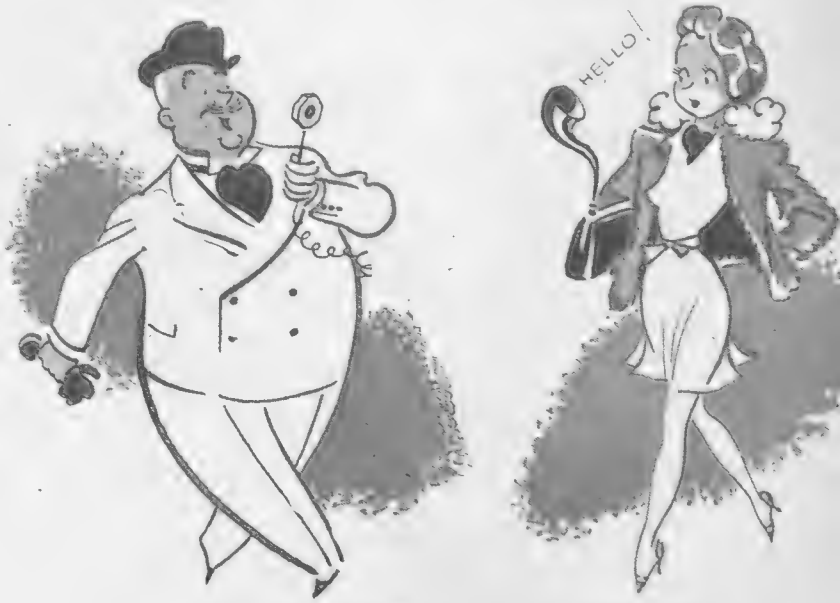
Next, there are distinct possibilities in the Come-Cure-Yourself-Clinic. This is an offshoot of the more serious rehabilitation treatment which, starting from released prisoners of war, may become a nationwide hospital adjunct. I refer only to the haven one will go to for the day when feeling out of harmony with life. Instead of spreading depression in the office, or misery at home, it will be possible to brighten up at a self-healing centre, where one will have the choice of "remedial exercises, amusing games, massage, tea parties, handicrafts, gardening, concerts, and discussion groups"—though it may be advisable to ration the last in case they revive disharmony in day patients.

It is not clear whether hangovers are to be admitted to these places; if yes, they'll probably opt for the massage and gardening.

I would point out that my file includes only authenticated boons. Thus, "certain" sea-sickness cures have been with us for decades, but now invasion research has produced the real thing. Little pink pills have been mass produced for the trip towards Jerry and the official claim is that they do the trick in seventy-five per cent of cases, though I don't grasp the "to be taken two hours before travelling or in rough weather." Surely the pills are delay action or they are not. In either case, the still secret recipe will be even more welcome in confined air cabins where the paper nose-bag has been a severe tax on human dignity, at times upon courtship itself.

SKETCHES BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

The pills should be in great demand on board the Youthships it is proposed to inflict on foreign countries. Taken in time, they will smoothen many a debate on board, as the juvenile passengers prepare to tell the next country how it should be run.

Sea travel will also give us the ritzy raft, the fire-and-ocean-proof lifeboat, the condenser turning salt water into fresh, and full fishing facilities for the shipwrecked. Chronic escapists may one day reckon it a boon to be swung (*Continued on page* 58)

One of the "shining wonders" of the post-war world will be the portable wireless telephone set which will enable "almost any one to ring up and converse with almost any one else from almost anywhere"

Secret

THE drone began and soon the sky was full of it. People looked up through the drone as through a thick haze and saw the bombers winging Channel-ward with the thin winter sun glinting on their whitish bodies. Next day news broke that 1,300 planes had bombed "military installations" on the Northern French coast. Immediately everybody said: "Ah, the rocket guns—the Nazis' secret weapon."

What it is that the Nazis have massed on "the rocket coast" is anybody's guess. You may know by the time you read this—or you may still be left to choose between the matter-of-fact report of rocket batteries to blast invading armadas, and the fantasy of huge tubes crouched ready to launch thirty-ton rocket-propelled, radio-controlled glider bombs, in a pulverizing drum-fire on London.

The Nazis would rather you believed the latter. They specialize in psychological warfare. They try to exploit fear of the unknown as a savage exploits his blood-curdling yell, which he hopes and calculates will panic you, leaving you easy prey for his simple but (if it connects) most effective weapon, a hatchet.

Just now, fighting a losing fight, the Nazi gang chiefs are pulling out all the secret weapons available in their scientists' and propagandists' lockers. If they combine to shake enemy nerves, frighten the enemy home front, and foster the psychology needed to give the Germans a negotiated "let's-call-it-a-day" peace, they will have secured their main purpose.

In fact, secret weapons are much overrated. They may help one side for a spell, but they are not decisive. That goes for the Allies as for the Axis. Only wishful thinkers imagine that the new British jet plane will outmode and destroy the Luftwaffe overnight. The British obviously sprang the news as counter-propaganda to the German glider anti-convoy bombs and "Fort-buster" rocket bombs, trailing air mines, and rocket-coast "secret weapon." Where one really has something, one doesn't tip off the enemy! The Germans, anyway, know as much as anybody about jet-propelled aircraft. They were pioneers in jet-propulsion.

Equally, anything the Americans and British don't know about rockets they can get from the Russians, who began to use rocket anti-aircraft batteries against the Luftwaffe at the siege of Moscow in 1941, went on to multiple rocket guns firing laterally, and then installed rocket tubes in their Stormoviks to launch tank-buster bombs at Hitler's armour.

IF you don't knock your enemy out first time, your secret weapon will fail you, or even prove a boomerang. At Heraclea in 280 B.C. Pyrrhus swung an elephant corps, several hundred strong, against the startled Romans. Five years and two battles later the Romans were taking elephants in their stride, and Pyrrhus was retiring whence he came.

It happened again at Cambrai, in November, A.D. 1917. The British, shaken out of their mental rut by an Ypres battle in which 120,000 gunners heaved 4,280,000 shells weighing 120,000 tons at the Germans, and the infantry then advanced 10,000 yards in three months at the cost of 400,000 men, launched 4,000 men in 378 primitive but still alarming tanks against the German lines. This secret weapon eventually enabled the British infantry to advance 10,000 yards in twelve hours with the loss of only 5,000 men.

Twenty-three years later, the combined British and French armies were broken by an improved model of this same British secret weapon. It was used in mass, and the Allied anti-aircraft shells bounced off its armour.

New tactics outmode secret weapons. Philip of Macedon devised a new battle unit. It was a sixteen-rank phalanx, armed with a longer spear than any previously known, flanked by cavalry, backed by catapult artillery, and served by a corps of engineers, the first in military history. This integrated secret weapon won Greece for the Macedonian, and a world empire for his son, Alexander.

By C. Patrick

1. *At Heraclea in* 280 B.C. *Pyrrhus swung an elephant corps, several hundred strong, against the startled Romans.*

2. *The Neanderthal man noticed a pile of loose flints by his cave entrance.*

3. *The first spear. The little forest man, instead of swinging, had suddenly and powerfully thrust with his sharp-ended, fire-hardened stake at the Neanderthal's abdomen.*

4. *David was relying on five smooth stones out of a brook, and a sling. He had fired the first anti-tank gun.*

5. *At Cambrai, in November,* 1917, *the British launched* 378 *primitive*

In due course, the Romans studied the awesome Macedonian phalanx, bristling with pikes, as the Germans were later to study the fearsome Maginot Line, bristling with guns. They solved the problem it set by much the same brain processes and technical innovations as the Germans later used. They devised a counter secret weapon in the form of a 100-man mobile unit, the maniple, three ranks armed with javelins and short swords. The first two ranks hurled their javelins and advanced. The phalanx stood. The third rank came through, fresh, hurling and hewing. Then the phalanx, solid and stolid and slow and hampered by its heavy weapons, broke.

These seem long throw-backs. But every secret weapon in the whole long range appeared, in principle, if not in modern streamlined and complex form, long before Hitler was spawned, or a global war imagined. That's not surprising when one realizes that only 300 of man's recorded history of 3,600 years have been free from war.

A whole family of German secret weapons now seek to knock out the enemy at a range where the latter's weapons cannot reach the missile-thrower. Mr. Neanderthal took out a basic patent on that one.

Mentally livened by the approach of sudden death, in the shape of a long-armed ape-like stranger with a weighty branch in his fist, he noticed a pile of loose flints by his cave entrance. A minute later the stranger ambled off, bleeding from several face and body gashes. Neanderthal's defensive tactics had prevented him getting near enough to strike a blow.

Weapons—

Don't Win Wars

Ahiezer's mighty men later improved on the Neanderthal technique, becoming adroit at hurling stones with both the right and the left hand. It could have been no joke coming up against those human windmills, forerunner of the modern machine gun and multiple pom-pom.

One day, Mr. Neanderthal, roaming the thick forest, met an agile little fellow standing over a freshly slain deer. Neanderthal advanced with his club, and the little fellow picked up a long straight branch. Neanderthal grinned. He could take a whack or two with that stick on his way in. But while still an arm's length out of club-blow range, Neanderthal grunted, bent, and slowly fell. The little forest man, instead of swinging, had suddenly and powerfully thrust with his sharp-ended, fire-hardened stake. Neanderthal took it in the abdomen.

The Neanderthals were not baffled by the first spear. The old man's son found dad's corpse, and painfully worked out what had gone wrong with the pater's bone-crusher method of offensive war. Then he went home, cut a straight sapling an arm's length longer than the one which had perforated dad, and stretched the thick back-skin of a deer over a frame of stripped branches lashed with sinew.

Provided thus with armour and a longer-range weapon, he sought a forest man who had not improved his weapon, or started to reflect what he would do if somebody thought out the defence against it. The forest man fell. Neanderthal II was then War Lord Number One—until somebody dreamed a dream of a six-armed, six-eyed, six-footed man, and set to work to make his dream come true by organizing a three-man gang, the first battle unit. Neanderthal II, held in front and attacked on both flanks, went down, the first victim of a pincer movement.

Thompson

but still alarming tanks against the German lines.

6. *The Germans' use of phosgene gas in* 1915 *was called a secret weapon, but it only complicated the war for them, as it was promptly thrown back.*

7. *The British secret weapon in the air was the Spitfire, a fast air destroyer, and the heavy-load night bomber.*

8. "*Ducks,*" *or amphibious tanks, are one of the surprises of the war.*

9. *Have the Nazis installed a secret weapon in the shape of rocket guns on the Northern French coast ?*

A MILLION years later it all happened again, in the World War series. But by that time the belligerents were so numerous, thirty and forty nations aggregating a billion human beings, and everything had become so vast and involved, and available resources so multitudinous, that men's brains grew cloudy, their memories dim, and few realized that behind the impressive façade of machines and explosions and battling millions, it had all happened before, in the naked youth of the world.

The first secret weapon on record ran true to form. Goliath of Gath clanked upon David in the valley of Elah: a fearful apparition, six cubits and a span high, helmed with brass, with greaves of brass upon his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders, armed with a sword, and an iron-headed spear whose staff was like a weaver's beam, and additionally protected by a shield-bearer who went before him. Practically, a walking tank.

Young David advanced, shouting: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts." That was only propaganda, or psychological warfare. David was relying on something more tangible, to wit, five smooth stones out of the brook, and a sling. The stone smote the Philistine in his forehead and sank in. Goliath fell upon his face to the earth. David had fired the first anti-tank gun.

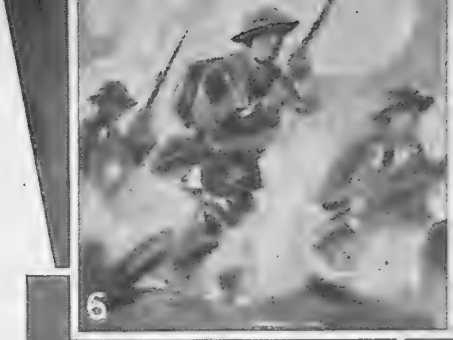
The real father of the secret weapon was the astronomer Pheidias's son, Archimedes, a quiet scientist who only turned his brain to war-machine invention at the behest of King Hieron. Marcellus, the Roman, planned a blitz against Syracuse with his own secret weapon, a floating stone-thrower, the world's biggest. But as the Roman galleys towed the monstrous engine towards the firing point, several quarter-ton rocks roared over from the fortress, and hit. The siege mortar was left sinking.

Marcellus retired, but came in again at night with his close-quarter artillery and rams, reckoning he was ducking under the Syracusian long-range artillery. But the great rocks now whizzed up vertically and fell on the attackers below. Archimedes had solved the problem of adjusting his great catapult to fire vertically as well as laterally. Two thousand years later, Rommel worked the same technical surprise in the African desert against the British. He converted his 88-mm. anti-aircraft guns to fire laterally. They caught the British tanks and smashed them. It won Rommel a battle—but that's all.

Plutarch, who tells us these things, adds a "death ray," which turned out to be a multiple-mirror burning glass, which set fire to the sails of Roman ships; an incendiary bomb made of a hollow stick crammed with inflammatory materials which the catapulters ignited and hurled on the enemy; and accounts of ship destruction which suggest an Archimedian submarine in operation 1,900 years before Horace Huntley put the first known one to work on the U.S.S. *Housatonic* off Charleston on February 17, 1864 (seven men inside the twenty-foot hull operated the screw; they sank the *Housatonic*, but went down with their victim). Probably those latter phenomena were caused by ingenious underwater contrivances operated by the Syracuse garrison if, as and when one of the swarms of Roman boats came over them. The Roman historian mentions vessels lifted and whirled. A jack surmounted by a turntable could do that.

But the whole business shook the Roman soldiery so badly that they began to break at sight of a rope thrown over a wall, or a pole rising above it. Unfortunately for the Syracusians, Marcellus was not daunted. He just abandoned blitz methods, and resorted to blockade. When at last he broke in, the father of the secret weapon perished, ironically and ignominiously, of a simple sword thrust.

Rockets were an invention of the American Civil War, which also sprouted the first machine gun and the first magazine rifle. Rockets were first used to frighten (*Continued on page* 62)



Donts for Diplomats

By Negley Farson

DEMOCRACY is a word that has been soiled by many liars. Leading up to this war, we foreign newspaper correspondents were becoming increasingly loath to use it. It was being used as a shield, an excuse, to cover up so much gross incompetence, corruption, and sloppy thinking. Also, during the period of the British "appeasement" policy—vainly trying to placate or buy off Hitler and Mussolini—we American correspondents, then stationed in Europe, looked across the Atlantic to our own country—and wondered if we had ever really had such a thing. With the way the American voter's will was invariably prostituted by the big political party machines; with the way the "lobbies" of the Big Business interests were bribing our Legislature; with the fact that we had some 13,000,000 negroes in the United States, living, in some Southern States, in a state of degradation not much worse than Hitler would have wanted for them—we decided that we had better not use that word. It was all right for a political orator to get up on his hind legs and yap about the three democracies—Britain, the United States, and France—but we newspaper men who had had to hold down, for any length of time, the Paris office for our papers—and knew how French politics simply stank of corruption—knew that France was not entitled to the term "democracy"—by the longest polite stretch of the imagination.

So there we were, a couple of hundred hard-boiled newspaper correspondents—at loss for the right word.

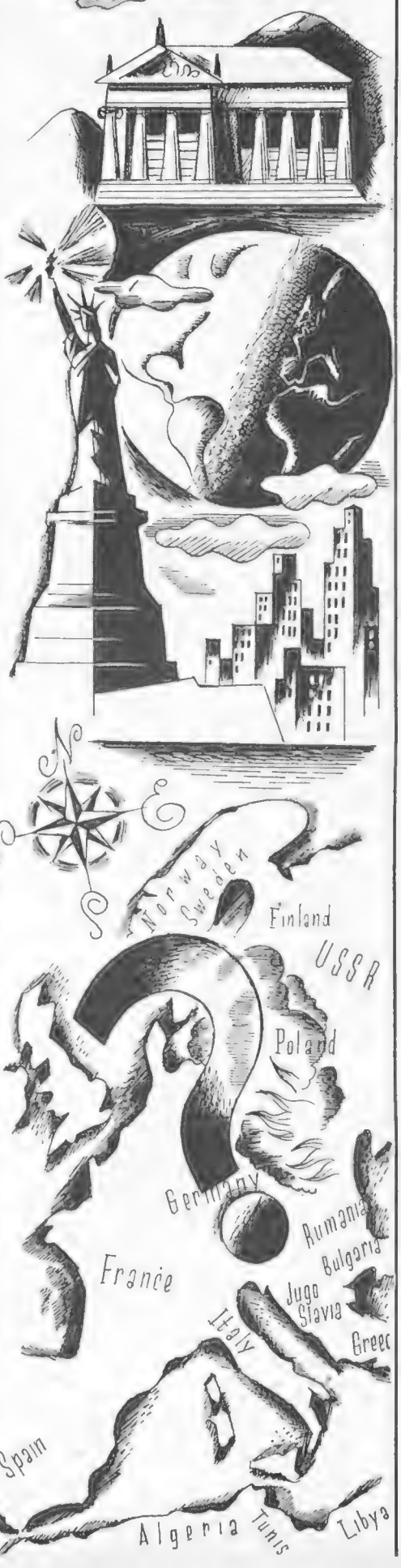
When the war had been on for a year, we were still afraid to use it. And here is a significant fact: you will remember that it was in that year that the Americans began to talk about the "phoney" war. Well, the irrefutable reason why the people back home were using that word was that they knew in their heart of hearts that "democracy" couldn't be the thing we were trying to protect—because we didn't have such a thing. So what were the British talking about? Was it just a "phoney" phrase, meaning it was just the privilege of British imperialism they were fighting to preserve? Yes, that must be it.

After a while—chiefly because of British pluck, and stubbornness—it began to sink in that there must be something else that made the Britishers fight so well—all classes and all types of Britishers. The British must "have something!" Then the British threw out the appeasers' Government, put in Churchill, and began to fight in deadly earnest. This time not so much with the object of avoiding destruction, as to win.

By this time, when your statesmen began (with a little more conviction themselves) to use the word "democracy," we Americans also began to pay attention to it. This was reinforced by the spectacle that a Britain with her hands full of war was at the same time debating in her Parliament honest and due measures for social reform—many of which, said the cynics on our side of the water, were long overdue.

But here, largely due to your example, the American scene began to split. The capitalists, the people of property in the United States, began to declare loudly that "England is going to the Left." These people were and are, almost to a man or woman, violently anti-Roosevelt and anti-New Dealers because of what they declared was Roosevelt's "Left" legislation under the National Recovery Act. In that act, be it noted, Roosevelt was giving U.S. Labour—in the right to Collective Bargaining—what the British labouring man had had for over seventy years; and in the social insurance schemes, arising out of NRA, he was only trying to give the average United States citizen what the inhabitants of Great Britain had had since Lloyd George shocked Parliament with his first Insurance Bill in 1911. You have upped this with the Beveridge Report. Now "democracy" was, and is, being sharply defined on both sides of the water.

AND now—perhaps you have noticed it?—the Americans are not asking to be told any longer what this war is all about. That is another interesting and significant fact. For what has really taken place is that "democracy"—now beginning to take on a visible shape—is being subjected in the minds of most of us to a backward inspection. And we see that—with all its faults and failures—we really had something there. Something that the dictatorships—be they Nazi, Fascist, or Communist—just haven't got. Such an institution as the English free-speaking pub, for instance, just doesn't exist in countries that are subject to the above rules. Beer halls in Berlin or Munich on the eve of this war were full of tongue-tied people, afraid to air their minds—because the waiter, or the man at the next table, or even the very friend they were talking to—might be a Gestapo man. At home, even their own children might betray them to the police. In Soviet Russia—there is no use boggling this truth—you never knew who was NKVD. Foreign (*Continued on page 54*)



Liberty Boat

A Curious Craft Which Served Its Purpose On Duty—And Off

By George Stern

"IT won't do, Number One!" said the commander firmly and not very gently.

The first lieutenant nodded; and waited. He knew there was a lot more coming.

"Don't you realize we're in America now and we've got to be twice as smart and twice as efficient and twice as disciplined as we are at home? We've got to show these Yanks that the British Navy's still the best in the world! Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, how can we do it if our men are running wild all over the harbour? And who the devil gave them permission to use the ship's launch anyhow? We've already had one spill with the damned thing, you know! And now——"

"Yes, sir, but that wasn't our——"

"Now don't start 'butting.' Our lads must be taught a lesson. Until further orders ship's boats will not be used for liberty!"

"B-but, sir——"

"Stop 'butting,' Number One! There's an official American liberty launch, isn't there? Let 'em use that."

"Yes, sir, but—sorry, sir—what I mean, sir—is—by the time it gets round to our anchorage it's so late that——"

"Late, is it? Well, all the less time to pour that miserable Yankee beer down their throats!"

The commander lowered his voice for a moment and adopted a more persuasive tone.

"You see, Number One, while we're here we've got to be like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion. We can't even be suspected of not doing the right thing. You follow me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, sir."

"Well then, those are my orders. See that they're carried out." Number One was wise enough to leave the matter there and made his way down to his cabin slowly, rather thoughtfully. He shared the old man's views to a large extent, but he didn't think he need have gone quite so far. Queer chap, the old man. Queer chap. Strangely severe in some things, yet just as strangely lax in others. But as for serving under any other—well, the first lieutenant would have deserted sooner.

And so he sat down and drew up the notice in unmistakable terms and sent it down forthwith to be posted in the mess deck.

It was indeed quite a while since anything new had appeared on the notice board and the storm broke as soon as the full import of the new order had sunk in.

"Eh! That in't reet, that in't!"

"Weel, ye canna say I didna' warrn ye!"

"Warn us pe damned, man! 'Tis the many sufferin' for the sins of the few!"

"Eh, well! What's t'good o' grousin'! There's nowt much ashore anyway!"

But there was one man who thought differently. One man among the whole population of the lower deck who did not voice his views, who sat down quietly, calmly, to take stock of the situation—in fact to consider if and how it could be circumvented.

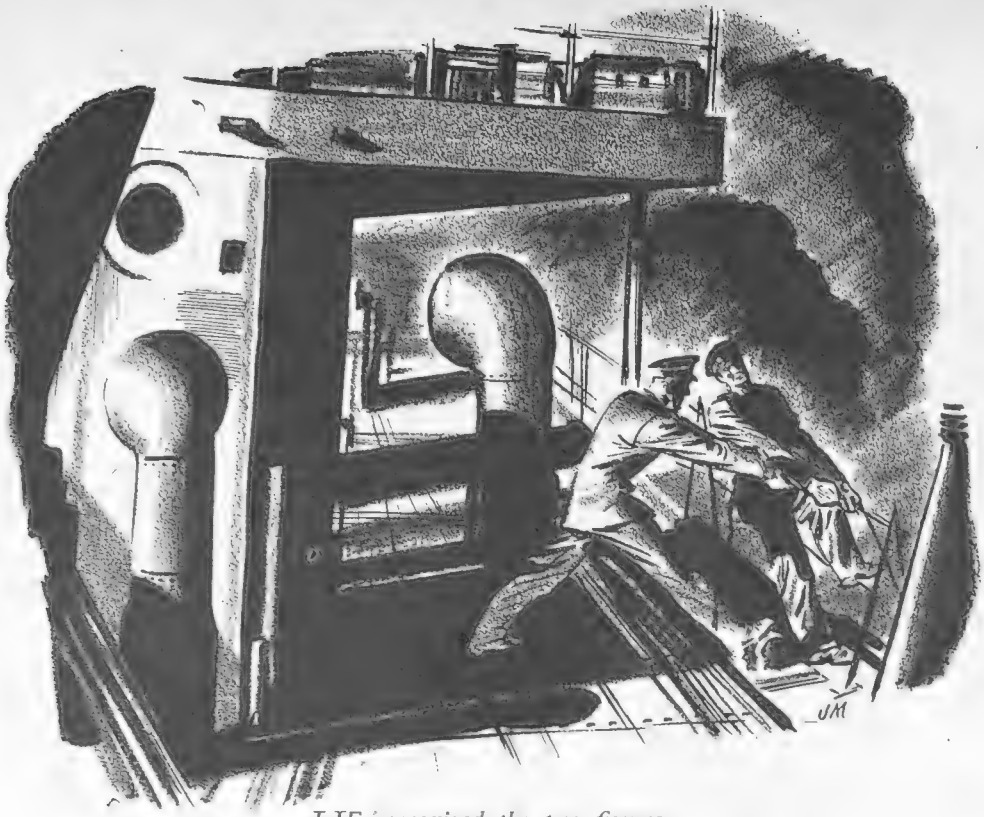
For the leading telegraphist was a smart young man, smart intellectually and smart sartorially. If any of the ship's company were ever uncertain about the proper rig for the proper occasion sparks could always oblige. Any one in doubt about his position under King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions—sparks was the man; and what he couldn't do with any kind of radio set was worth no one's doing. In a word, sparks knew a thing or two. For he was born within sound of Bow Bells and on the day he presented himself at the recruiting office Messrs. Maltravers, Rafferty and Isaacs of Willes Street in the City lost their most promising young litigation clerk.

HE sat down on his bunk in contemplation. He remembered vividly his first visit to this port some eight months before; since when he had corresponded—as regularly as the "exigencies of the Service" would permit—with the little brunette in the drug store on Fulton Street at Madison. Her slow southern accent sounded sweetly in his ears as he sat thinking; he got up and read the notice again.

> "——and until further orders ship's boats will not be used. Liberty men may use the launch provided by the United States naval authorities, which will come alongside at——"

Sparks digested the words slowly. "Ship's boats will not be used"—"Ship's boats." The phrase stood out in his mind. Not a word about what other boats would not be used. "Liberty men may use——" Not a word about "must use." He remembered his legal training. Remembered what old Mr. Maltravers used to say: "My boy, always interpret a statute literally—if you can. That's what statutes are for." Yes, always interpret literally if you can. Well, he could. He would. His date for tomorrow would be kept and ship's boats would not be used either. But as for something belonging to the leading tel.; built by his own skilful hands—something that would float and carry him safely ashore. What

THE storm broke as soon as the full import of the new order had sunk in



HE recognized the two figures as the leading tel. and the bos'n

about that? Yes. He'd be prepared to fight a case on that all right!

His first step was to see the bos'n—an older but a kindred spirit. For the bos'n was also a "City" man. He listened to sparks' soft-spoken plans and then spat scornfully over the side.

"Yus. Frightened of offendin' them Yanks—that's wot 'e is! Frightened they might do better'n us! Well, if y'arsk me 'es no need ter worry, 'cos I'll lay fifty bob to a tanner they never bothers their 'eads abaht us, see!"

And having delivered himself of his opinion he and sparks proceeded down to the secret depths of the bos'n's store.

BUT the bos'n was wrong. Quite wrong, for even as the words of wisdom issued from his lips there was at least one Yank who was throwing them back in his teeth.

"It won't do, lootenant!" the captain was hollering firmly and not very gently.

The lieutenant nodded; and waited. He knew there was a lot more coming.

"Don't you realize this is the third U-boat report in four days! It'll soon be as bad as a year and a half ago! And don't you realize we've a British ship in the port? Fine bunch of guys we'll look if those goddam subs get up to the river mouth again! We've got to do something, lootenant! And do it mighty quick!"

"Yes, sir. But——"

"Now don't start 'butting' me! What have we got available?"

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to tell you. Trouble is, that at the moment we're rather short of ships——"

"Short of ships! Now what in the hell d'ye mean? Why, the harbour's so full of 'em they can't get around without collidin' with each other!"

"W-well, yes, sir, but I mean the right class of ships. We've plenty of small craft, but if I may say so, sir, we want more ships of destroyer size. Never do any good against subs without them—never, in my opinion, sir."

Thoughtfully the captain looked the lieutenant up and down; then rapped out:

"All right, let's look at the board and see what bigger ships are available anyhow."

They moved over to the other side of the operations room and studied the board. The captain was gravely silent for a few moments and then a somewhat irreligious expression was followed by:—

"Thirty-one per cent! No, goddam it, slightly more—thirty-one and a half! A sorry state, lootenant! A sorry state!"

The lieutenant knew that the proportion of ships laid up that week was rather high, but how the captain had worked it out with such speed was something to marvel at. And yet there seemed good reason for each one—under repair, refitting or damaged in action. Suddenly the captain burst into words again.

"Got it!" And he rubbed his chin with an air of satisfaction.

"When's *Clara* due in?" he snapped.

"To-morrow, noon, sir."

"Good. How soon can she turn round?"

"About four hours, sir—if necessary."

"Fine! And besides her we've got *Olive*, the three D.E.s, *Peppercorn* and——"

The captain stopped and smiled at the lieutenant.

"And what, sir?"

"The Britisher, of course! She's waited so long for her refit, another few days won't matter. And if I know some of those young limeys they won't mind much either—if there's a chance of another sub! Supposed to have a pretty hot record, that ship. Let's see them try out their ingenuity in new company!"

And had the captain but known it, ingenuity was a very apt word, for just as dusk was falling that day the most ingeniously contrived boat that had ever been lowered over a ship's side was rapidly nearing completion—in sections—in the privacy of the bos'n's store. It was soon dark. There was no moon. The bulk of the crew dignifiedly disgusted with the new order scorned the shore and were playing rummy below decks. The quartermasters were too busy griping to one another. And so no one noticed the dark bulky objects borne up on to the deck by two stealthy figures who at once set swiftly and silently to work—in the dark shadow of the after turret—to make them into one unit. One unit of which a Kaiser or a Higgins might well have been proud and which was soon over the side, in the water, and rowed away with all the muffled efficiency of a Wolfe at Quebec.

THEY had surprised the two U-boats on the surface in thick weather

by Jack Matthew

NO lights have ever shone so bright as the drug store's which the leading tel.'s eyes picked out as soon as he had turned the corner of Madison and held with unerring accuracy as he hurried with fantastically light step over what seemed a fantastically long five blocks.

She had her hat and coat on ready, for it was her early night. A night mild and starlit. A night to forget about ships and commanding officers and bosses and customers. A night to hold hands in the movies and then with eyes still blinking to sit in the "Oyster Shell" knee to knee on high stools eating hamburgers with onions and smiling at each other because they knew that down on their favourite seat in the grounds of the Old Fort it wouldn't matter—so long as both of them had eaten—onions.

Suddenly she struggled free and held out her slim white wrist into the newly risen moonlight.

"My! It's a quarter of two! How 'bout you getting back?"

"You mean a quarter *to* two—and I don't have to be back, at least not before dawn!"

She put her hands on his shoulders and held him at arm's length in wide-eyed wonderment. He told her all about his escapade and waited proudly for her reaction. It was immediate and gently violent, and when their lips were free to speak again she said:—

"But mightn't you get into trouble?"

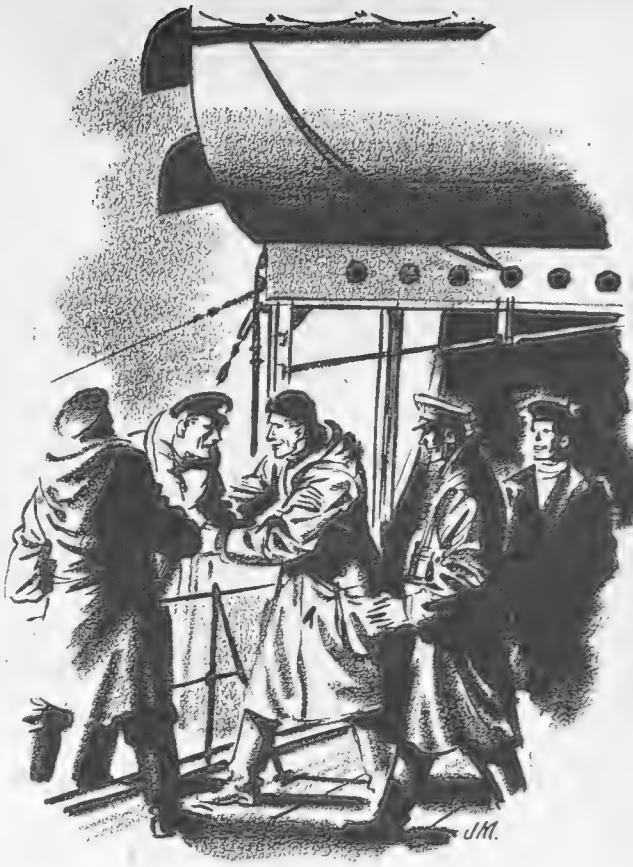
He pooh-poohed the idea.

"I've got it all fixed—and anyway, I'll be back hours before the old man's about."

And he just took her in his arms again.

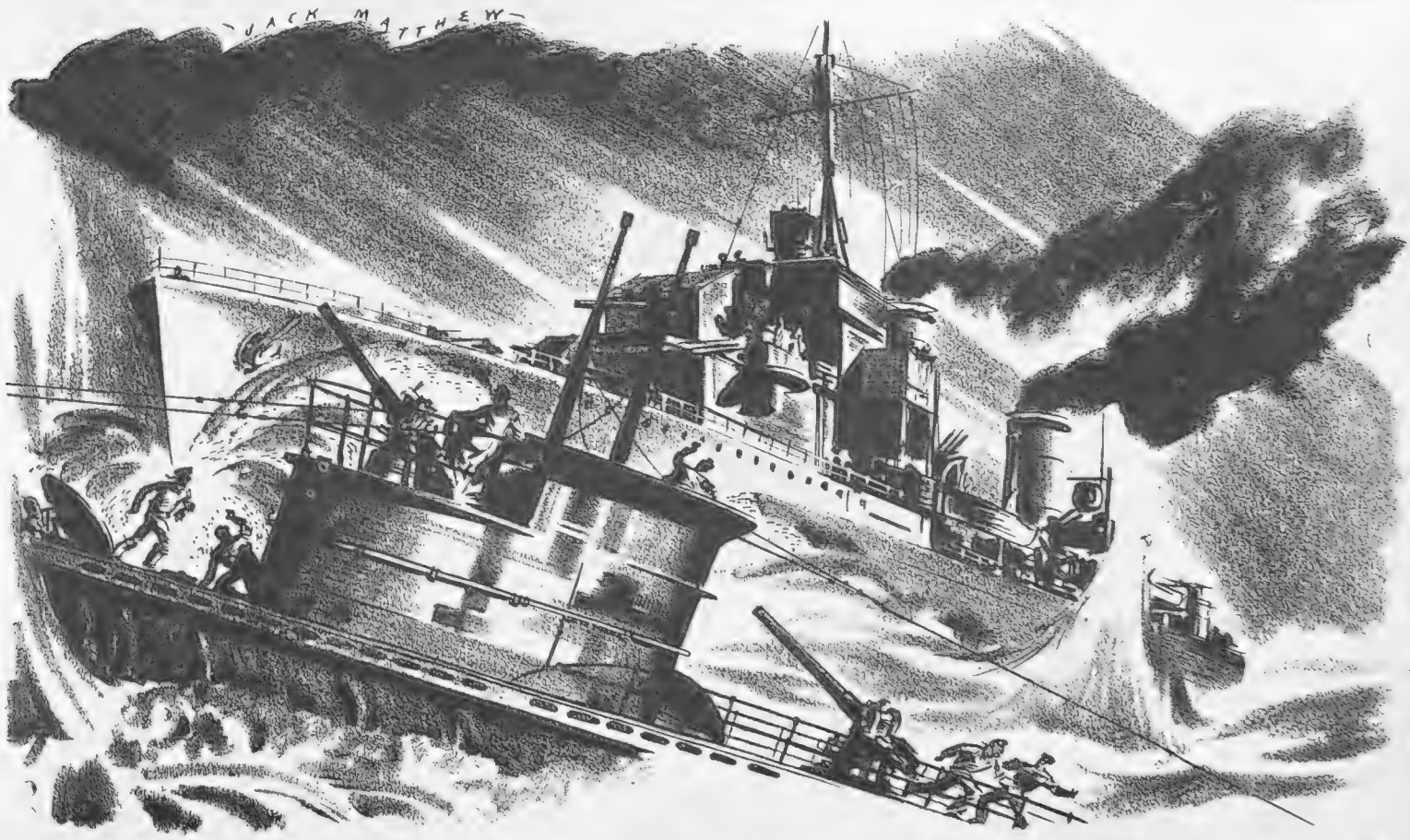
But for once in his confident young life the leading tel.'s plans miscarried. The old man was very much about and in a most belligerent mood. For it was not a little trying to receive a signal in the early hours of the morning, when the ship was safely at anchor and the prospect of a refit so close and the possibility of leave so distinct. A signal ordering the ship to sea within the next few hours. The old man stood still on the deck for a moment peering wrathfully through the darkness towards the shore whence the signal had come. Yet it was a wrath tempered with a certain grim pleasure, for the thought of a hunt—perhaps of another kill—was too strong to be denied.

And then as he gazed over the side he saw a rope ladder a few yards further aft and coming rapidly up the ladder was a sailor who appeared to have come from a boat floating at the ladder's foot, and as the sailor swung himself over the rails he was joined by another on deck and the two began to make swift and silent preparations for what looked like hauling the boat inboard. And the old man immediately thought of the new order about leave and immediately he jumped to the right conclusion and fuming, furious, fascinated, he stood still and watched. And then he recognized the two figures as the leading tel. and the bos'n, whom he had always regarded as two of his best men. He tried to speak, but so angry was he that words would not come. The tramp of the quartermaster sounded on the deck as he carried out his rounds. The old man suddenly found his voice and the explosion which followed seemed to echo across the full expanse of the harbour and filled even the stout hearts of the leading tel. and the bos'n with considerable apprehension as to what they might expect when they came up before the old man later.



THE Britisher's captain was the first to be hauled over the rails

But later there were more important things to do. And as dawn's first rays spread skyward seven ships streamed seawards in gallant array. Six wore the Stars and Stripes and one the White Ensign—or at least what was visible of it through the smoke belching from her funnel. For, like all the crew, the engine-room staff were angry. Angry at hope deferred. And the old man was angry. Angry at authority defied. And the angrier every one (*Continued on page* 56)



Group Captain Frank Whittle, inventor of the first successful jet-propulsion engine for fighter aircraft

The "Jet Plane" Inventor

The Story of Frank Whittle, the Man Who Gave the World the Aeronautical Invention of the Century

By Peter O'Neill

JUST before the last war a small boy, standing in a Coventry street, blew up a toy balloon. It was one of the ordinary kind, and when you held it in the air and let it go, the wind rushed out and the balloon darted away, flying a few feet before falling to the ground.

When Frank Whittle played with balloons and, a little later on, with model aeroplanes, it was not as other boys, for here was a genius, the boy who was to give Britain the aeronautical invention of the century. By the time he was thirty-six he was to upset all the theories of flying that were to grow up in the intervening years. He—and he alone—was to make possible a method of flight at fantastic speeds. To-day Group Captain Frank Whittle of the R.A.F. is hailed as the equal of the Wright Brothers, of Stephenson, of all those other pioneers. Like them he had to fight neglect, ignorance, short-sightedness, before he could make progress.

The romantic story of the jet-propulsion plane—the Gyrone, as its inventor has named it, citing "gyroscope" and "cyclone" as two possible sources of the hybrid word—began when at sixteen, Coventry-born Frank Whittle left Leamington College to become a R.A.F. apprentice. His two-year-course at Cranwell, "University of the Air," disclosed him as a designer—capable of solving any aerial problem. His teacher of aeronautical science was Professor O. S. Sinnatt, who noticed the remarkable aeroplane designs the young boy was producing. One day he set an examination paper for the cadets—a thesis on the future design of aviation.

Whittle pondered; his mind soared away and beyond the conventional designs of the day, discarding the petrol motor and propellers that were then only infants compared to the marvels of to-day. He decided he must think out something different. He devised jet-propulsion, a method of driving an aeroplane through the air by utilizing the air itself—just as the toy balloon was shot through space when the air whistled out of its narrow neck.

The son of an inventor, Whittle showed even then, as Professor Sinnatt says, that he was "an engineering genius for anything that involves lift or flying." Leaving Cranwell with the highest possible prizes for aeronautical sciences, and his brain-child simmering in his twenty-one-year-old mind, Whittle joined the ace No. 111 Fighter Squadron of the R.A.F. For two years he learned how really to fly—and he became the best in the squadron, the man who was to give dare-devil displays at Hendon Air Pageant, who would fly anything, anyway.

For Whittle is not just a theoretician—he tries out his own ideas, and some of his work—apart from the jet plane—has had the most important bearing on the air war, particularly the bitter battle of the Atlantic.

Group Captain Frank Whittle and his wife with their two sons, Ian and David (left). A picture taken at their home at Rugby

In 1930 Whittle became a flying instructor at Digby, and found time for his jet plane. For months he worked with Professor Sinnatt at his former master's house at Sleaford (Lincs) to see if his theories worked out—on paper. Sinnatt confirmed that they did.

Then the real battle began for this young man. He took out a patent for his invention and approached industrialists to provide financial support for its manufacture. There was nothing doing. Britain was just about to win the Schneider Trophy with a speed of 281 m.p.h., and nobody would listen to young Whittle's talk of an aircraft which would start performing at 500 m.p.h.—and then be capable of immense speed strides. Not quite nobody—two of his R.A.F. colleagues, J. C. B. Tinling and R. D. Williams, believed in him, but at first they could do nothing.

Married by now (he has two sons, aged twelve and nine), Whittle drew consolation from the supreme faith of his friends, his professor, and his wife, who kept the secret of jet-propulsion for fourteen years, never speaking a word of it outside her house. He was posted as an experimental pilot on seaplanes, carried out still more hazardous but vital tests, and then managed to get leave to go to Cambridge University to take a degree in mechanical science. Meanwhile, he didn't even pay the renewal fee on his patent!

(*Continued on page* 56)

A front view of the Italian Caproni-Campini C.C.I. This was a jet-propelled plane whose first flight was made in August, 1940, and which later flew from Toledo Aerodrome to Rome—168 miles—in two and a quarter hours

Old Tales Re-told

Elenka, *a Sultan's Favourite who escaped from the Seraglio to save the life of her son*

Written and Illustrated By

F. Matania, R.I.

The Seraglio, built in the residence of the Sultan, was enclosed by a high wall and stood right on the Bosphorus. Magnificent gardens contained pavilions of every size and shape which were marvels of craftsmanship and a feast of colour and design

IT took nearly 300 years for the Christian world to attain the level of culture and civilisation which prevailed prior to the disintegration of the Roman Empire.

The same social phenomenon occurred in the Oriental world with the advent of Mohamed, and the spiritual revolution brought about by his teachings. Nevertheless, the humanitarianism inspired by the Koran and the Bible was slow in developing, especially with regard to laws and customs, both in Europe and Asia.

A glance at the general state of affairs in the sixteenth century shows us that, even with Europe on the verge of the Renaissance, licentiousness and cruelty were still rampant in most countries.

In Germany, the feudal lords, unable at the time to loot other countries, were busy exploiting the poor peasants of their own. They slaughtered and drowned in the Danube alone thousands of starving people. In France, Catharine de Medici ordered the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, finding plenty of loyal Frenchmen ready and willing to slay their compatriots. In Rome, Pope Borgia had brought conditions in the Vatican almost down to the level of Sodom and Gomorrah. In Spain, the Inquisition was blackening the pages of history with sadistic cruelty; while in England, the common people were given the frequent spectacle of witches and so-called sorcerers being burned at the stake, and King Henry had no scruples about getting rid of his wives or his friends in the wholesale style of Nero.

All these things were taking place with the passive tolerance of the peoples concerned. It is not surprising, therefore, that Turkey, whose social and religious development had begun five centuries later than the rest of Europe, should still be swayed by the barbaric customs of the primitive Orient. Ever since Mohamed II captured Constantinople in 1453, the court of the Sultans had been a nest of festering intrigue, jealousy, crime, superstition and fanaticism, which all took place against a background of beauty and luxury that beggars description.

The Seraglio, built in the residence of the Sultan, was enclosed by a high wall and stood right on the Bosphorus.

Magnificent gardens contained pavilions of every size and shape which were marvels of craftsmanship and a feast of colour and design. There were fountains, ponds and swimming-pools, some secluded in gorgeous interiors where the favourites of the Sultan used to bathe and disport themselves, and others in the open, shaded by eucalyptus and pine-trees, whose foliage gave off resinous perfumes under the heat of the sun. Miniature woodland glades were criss-crossed by paths, all leading to the various pavilions —known as "cafess"—which were used for several different purposes; some for pleasurable pursuits, some for confining the unhappy minor princes, who were debarred from any official activities, others for the widows of late Sultans.

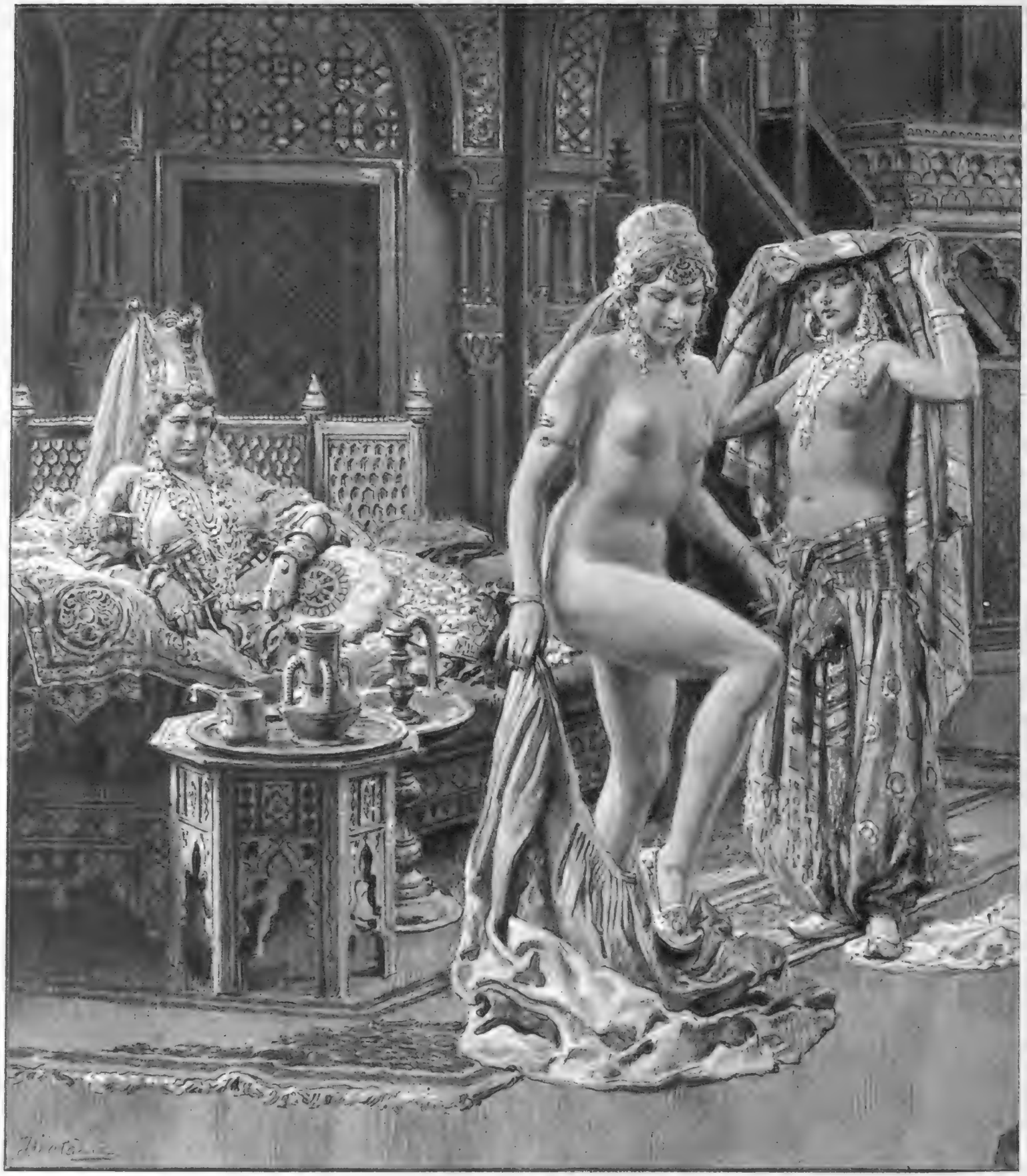
In the vast building itself were libraries, armouries, picture galleries and sumptuous halls paved with cool marble, in which were held the festivities and court functions.

In so beautiful a place people should have been happy; but as we shall see, they were far from being so.

The precincts of the Ottoman ruler were inaccessible to any stranger. Even ambassadors of foreign countries never went beyond the second court. Inside, about 5,000 people lived under conditions of strict discipline: 2,000 of them were gardeners, while the rest included soldiers, servants, eunuchs of high position, black eunuchs in the service of the harem, sixty mutes—executioners equipped with silk cords for the strangling of troublesome persons at a moment's notice, and an assortment of dwarfs, dancers, jesters and pages.

Amongst the rules inaugurated by Suleiman II there was one which gave rise to an orgy of bloodshed whenever a new despot came to the throne.

The Imperial Harem was composed of a large number of young women of every nationality, who had been chosen for their beauty from the wares of Circassian merchants and pirates of the high seas. There was always a favourite, but she could never be said to monopolise the attentions of her lord for very long.



Amongst the many slaves submitted by the Kislaragasi to Baffa were four outstanding beauties. mitted the girls to a thorough examination. In fact, she personally ascertained that the

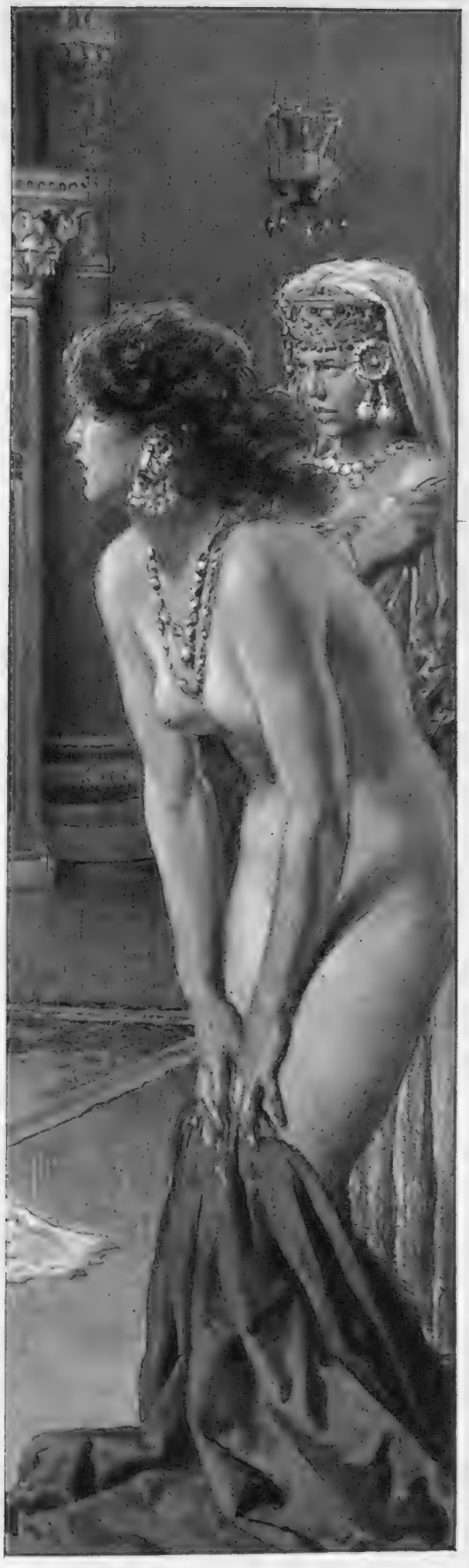
The first boy born to him was the heir to the empire. All other children, whether by the same mother or not, had, of course, no right of succession except in the event of the heir's death.

The number of these children varied greatly. Selim left 102 of them, and was only forty-six when he died. Upon the death of a Sultan the new heir, on ascending the throne, had the privilege of ordering the execution of all his brothers, whatever their ages.

If there were any expectant mothers among the late ruler's concubines they were all drowned. Leniency was granted to the sisters and step-sisters only, as a general rule.

This terrible law was the cause of much heartbreak to any member of the harem who became a mother; for their male children, brought up in the harem to the age of puberty, would almost surely be snatched away one day, to be pitilessly murdered. Often the lucky mother of the new Sultan had to see her other sons handed over to the executioner. But in compensation she became "Valideh" (Queen Mother), and was able to wield unlimited power over the rest of the Seraglio.

The two favourites who in their respective times had the most influence over their lords were Rosellana, the Tuscan beauty, beloved of Suleiman the Magnificent, and Baffa, the Venetian noblewoman, who was supreme in the



She was taking no chances, and sub-candidates had no hidden imperfections

affections of Sultan Murad. Neither of them, however, succeeded in altering the atrocious law of succession.

There were some mothers, however, who were able to save their children from the doom which awaited them. The story of Elenka is well worth relating.

WHEN the Sultan Murad died, his first son, Mohamed III, came to the throne. Very young, he was the son of the Venetian favourite, Baffa, who, luckily for her, had no other children. The day following his accession, sentence was pronounced on all other male children of Murad. In this case only thirty girls were spared.

Baffa became Valideh, and she made full use of the power with which she was invested, especially over her son. She knew that if she could dominate Mohamed she would be mistress of the Ottoman world. She made up her mind to ensure that her son should never become too fond of any one woman. The Kislaragasi (provider of slave girls for the Sultan) had orders to submit all candidates for her prior inspection.

Amongst the many slaves submitted by the Kislaragasi to Baffa were four outstanding beauties. She was taking no chances, and submitted the girls to a thorough examination. In fact, she personally ascertained that the candidates had no hidden imperfections.

When they had been told of their high destiny, Baffa lectured them like a stern matron on their duty of submission and obedience. Then she passed them on to the attendants to be attired in suitable array for presentation to their master.

Mohamed accepted them without demur, and seemed more than satisfied with such a small number.

The first who gave signs of pregnancy was a Circassian girl. If her issue proved to be a boy, she would become entitled to the rank of Hassaki, which meant Mother of the Heir and future Valideh. A little later another girl was found to be in the same condition. She was Greek. Her name was Elenka, and she was so perfect a specimen of her race that she might have come straight from the chisel of Pheidias.

The dignity and beauty of her face had already made a deep impression on Mohamed; and this visible preference had not been overlooked by the watchful Valideh, who was diplomat enough to make no sign as yet.

When her time came, the Circassian girl gave birth to a boy. Elenka began to feel secret terror. She had been hoping and praying that her rival would produce a girl child; and now that the opposite had happened, all she could hope was that she herself would have a girl, which might be safe.

Fate had decided otherwise, however, and after many months of acute anxiety, she became the mother of a son.

By this time the third concubine showed signs of being about to increase the Sultan's family. She was a dark-eyed Cypriot, cunning enough to display remarkable submission to Baffa and veneration for her lord.

The fourth girl played no important part in the drama and chroniclers offer no information concerning her.

Elenka's strongest characteristic was maternal devotion. She was without ambition, and would willingly have filled the humblest position if only she could have been sure of protecting her little son. The child was growing fast. He was beautiful and intelligent, and often Elenka was seen to break into sobs when playing with him. She never confided to anyone the cause of her grief; but as time went on, the torture of her anxiety began to tell on her physique. She grew pale and thin.

At last the Sultan himself became anxious on her account. Baffa, the Valideh, did her utmost to divert his growing interest by providing him with new beauties to add to his harem; but, to her chagrin, she produced the opposite effect. Mohamed openly remarked that the pallor and slimness of Elenka had a strange fascination for him, and he was more deeply attracted to her than ever before.

This unexpected admission emboldened Elenka to make an unusual request of him. In a tender moment she told him that the climate of Constantinople was unsuitable to her, and that she would be grateful for the chance of spending a few weeks in the south, at Cairo, in order to recover her health and perhaps avoid the risk of a total breakdown. Mohamed would give no reply without consulting Baffa; and so for the moment the subject was dropped. When Baffa was informed, she could scarcely believe her good luck. The unhoped-for had happened! She gave Elenka all encouragement to leave the palace, and herself helped to prepare the necessary equipment for the journey of mother and child.

Mohamed was loth indeed to part from his favourite; but he had given his word, and so he bade a touching farewell to her. . . .

In a tender moment Elenka told Mohamed that the climate of Constantinople was unsuitable to her and that she would be grateful for the chance of spending a few weeks in the south, at Cairo

WITH a numerous retinue of eunuchs and servants, the young mother and son sailed for Egypt. On the way Elenka ordered the captain of the vessel to enter the port of Salonika, as the little prince seemed to have fallen ill. A few days later the boy died.

On shore a magnificent funeral took place, the body being placed in a tomb near the great mosque.

Elenka sent one of the eunuchs back to Constantinople to announce the tragic event.

That same day Elenka herself disappeared, without a trace. One of her black eunuchs had gone, too, which pointed to the fact that he had been her accomplice in a carefully prepared plot. Suspicions were aroused; inquiries were made. The tomb was opened—and inside was no body of a prince, but a little Jewish boy of the same age, who had died of the plague and been secretly sold to Elenka.

It appeared that Elenka, being a Christian, had sought and found help from the Christians of Salonika, who were beyond the reach of the Sultan of Turkey.

And now she had severed all ties with the terrible seraglio, and was going even farther and farther away with her beloved little son, who was no longer under sentence of a death that might have been postponed, but never avoided.

If she had known what was happening at the seraglio, she need not have feared anything.

MOHAMED was barely out of his adolescence when he became the father of his first child, so there was every possibility of his living many years before his heir could succeed him. This prospect did not please the Circassian girl, who was eager to see her son on the throne. All through the years of his early childhood she brooded on ways and means to secure this. And when he was about eleven or twelve she concocted a plot for the overthrow of Mohamed. It was kept so secret that not even Baffa's trained spies had the least notion of it.

The mutes left the palace as silently as they had entered. They took with them the Circassian Hassaki, with a gag knotted about her mouth

It was one of the negroes involved in the plot who informed the Sultan of everything at the last minute.

Many important persons were ready to assist in the overthrow of Mohamed, and the young prince, who was being educated at Magnesia, had returned to Constantinople and was in hiding in one of the pavilions, ready to appear before the people as soon as the coup was effected.

When the Sultan heard of this treachery it was time for the muezzin on the minaret to announce the evening prayers.

The hour appointed for the execution of the coup was the following morning, so Mohamed had only that night in which to forestall the blow.

His mother was the only person to keep him company on that eventful night, except for the negro who crouched in a corner for safety.

In the silvery light of the full moon and the peacefulness of the garden with its flowers and still pools, all was calm and quiet. No one could have believed that such an enchanted scene was soon to witness a terrible tragedy.

Before daybreak Baffa went to the mutes' quarters and summoned their chief to the Sultan's chamber. These mutes were mere instruments of death, obeying their master with mechanical and unquestioning thoroughness.

An hour later they crept to the place where the prince lay in hiding with his principal adherents. A subdued scuffle was heard, not loud enough to disturb others in their sleep, followed by deep silence. A little later the mutes left the palace as silently as they had entered. They took with them the Circassian Hassaki, with a gag knotted about her mouth. For her the law prescribed another kind of punishment. She was to be sewn into a leather sack, alive, and thrown into the sea. Fourteen other conspirators were murdered to complete the butchery.

On the way to Egypt Elenka ordered the captain of the vessel to enter the port of Salonika, as the little Prince seemed to have fallen ill

THIS terrible occurrence left a lasting impression on the heart of Mohamed. Fate had now cleared the way for the little son of Elenka, who would automatically have become sole heir to the Ottoman Empire. But instead, it was the Cypriot girl who, accompanied by her two small sons, went to pay homage to the Valideh and the Sultan, and who received the official nomination of Hassaki.

Elenka never returned. She kept herself and her son far away from the dubious glories of her former position and lived the happy life of the free—no one ever knew exactly *where.* [END]

The Bay of Biscay

Its History, Its Battles and Its Shipwrecks

By C. Fox Smith

The British fleet under the command of Lord Gambier makes an attack on the enemy's fleet by fireships in Aix Roads on the night of April 11, 1809. These fireships were personally led by Lord Cochrane, captain of the "Imperieuse." This daring action was highly successful and had Cochrane's superior, Lord Gambier, been a man of like spirit with himself, the French fleet might have been totally destroyed

THAT irregular triangle of storm-troubled Atlantic water which is bounded on the east by the coasts of Brittany, Poitou and Gascony, on the south by those of the Basque Provinces of Spain, of Old Castile, Asturias and Galicia, and on its third side by an imaginary line drawn from the Isle of Ushant on the north to Cape Finisterre on the south, has a reputation for bad weather hardly excelled by any other stretch of water in the navigable globe.

A glance at the map suggests the explanation at once. All round the coasts of Europe, as of all the continents of the world, extends an area of comparatively shallow water covering that part of the sea bed known as the Continental Shelf, and ranging from a depth of 100 fathoms, known to mariners as "soundings," to 1,000 fathoms. Thence it drops abruptly to what oceanographers term the "abyss," of two to three thousand fathoms, and thence again to those dead and remote "deeps" where no gleam of sunlight ever penetrates, where the wrecks of sunken ships that can sink no farther hang suspended for ever, and where white eyeless things move to and fro in their cold salt world of darkness. Those depths, indeed, no storm ever troubles; but when a full gale from the westward and its forerunner, a heavy ground swell, drive with their full weight into that triangle just referred to, the comparatively shallow waters of the Bay soon pile up into those short ugly seas, so much more uncomfortable and so infinitely more dangerous to shipping than the long rollers of mid-ocean. Add to this the currents provided by the estuaries of the Loire and the Garonne and by the tidal flow from the English Channel, the reefs of Ushant to the north and the cliffs of Vizcaya to the south, with between them the shoals and sandbanks of the Loire and the Gironde, and the evil repute of the Bay of Biscay is readily understood.

Lord Cochrane, who fought many actions in the Bay and was beyond doubt one of the most brilliant leaders in actions of the Narvik type the sea has ever known

ALL through the wars of the eighteenth century and onwards, the Bay was often a battleground. Howe off Brest, Hawke at Quiberon, fighting a battle off a desperate lee shore with a westerly gale blowing—these are among the greater events of history; but the name that comes to mind more readily even than these is that of Lord Cochrane, that fiery Scotsman, proud, selfish, avaricious, quarrelsome, who yet commanded the devotion and admiration of his subordinates, and who was beyond doubt one of the most brilliant leaders in actions of the Narvik type the sea has ever known.

Homeward bound in the frigate *Pallas* laden with captured treasure, he was chased by three French line-of-battle ships; and, shaking them off by sheer brilliant seamanship, he sailed triumphantly into Plymouth Sound with a golden candlestick at each masthead. He cruised, again in the *Pallas*, in the Bay during the first five months of 1806, blockading, commerce-raiding, cutting out under the guns of the French forts. In his commerce-raiding he made much use of an eighteen-oared galley, of the fast, seaworthy Deal type employed formerly in smuggling and later in the world of the "hovellers" or unofficial pilots of that port.

Four years later, in the *Imperieuse*, Cochrane personally led a fleet of fireships and explosion vessels into Aix Roads, where the French ships stationed at Rochefort were moored, himself lighting the fuses and then ordering his boats' crews to row for their lives. The explosion and the fires threw the French vessels into hopeless confusion, and had Cochrane's superior, Lord Gambier, been a man of like spirit with himself, the fleet might have been totally destroyed.

H.M.S. "Captain" in the Bay of Biscay. During a heavy storm in the Bay this ship foundered with nearly 500 of her ship's company, on September 8, 1870. This vessel was the newest product of naval architecture, a turret ship of the latest design

AMONG the countless ships, great and small, which have at one time and another fallen victims to the storms of the Bay, two stand out among all the rest—the *London* and (*Continued on page* 66)

No Moon Or Star

Jane held out a hand. "Thank you, Punch." He stared at the long fingers in

THE subaltern stood squarely and stiffly, his eyes on the blank wall:—

"You want to take Maskill's place on the raid?" said the colonel. "What's wrong with Maskill?"

"Toothache, sir."

"*Toothache*——"

"Raging, sir."

The colonel looked curiously at his subaltern. It struck him that you might not expect Punch Rendel in a commando unit: He was a shade above the average age, and of an amiably silent habit, his eyes were gentle and his hands soothing to nervous beasts. Physically, of course, he was tough as they come, though he was not a big man, if you expected the massive shoulders and the enormous, crooked nose that earned him his inevitable name. He came of a Suffolk family. His game was Rugger — whence the broken nose—and he was said to read poetry, the modern stuff.

A bit of a dark horse, this Suffolk Punch. The colonel smirked at his horrible little jest, but considered afresh the trick Punch had of assisting in every raid on the German coast—the *German* coast. It was not for the colonel to complain if one of his officers had an especial grudge against the Fatherland, but he admitted to a certain curiosity. The grudge, as a matter of fact, was of long standing and had little to do with the war.

When Punch's world was young, he had written a poem, not a very original poem, for the nineteenth birthday of Jane Saffron—who knew a good deal about poetry, since her father had taken care of her education. Her delightful appearance was her expensive mother's concern. Brilliant, eager and friendly, with her charming, tilted profile and a voice made for the poetry Punch could never hope to write, she was the most beautiful thing on his horizon and he was in humble agreement with all those who said she was too good for him.

Punch came of a line of small squires who had never made history but had most doggedly survived it, weathering the Black Death, the Civil War and the recurrent depressions of rural England. All through the nineteen-thirties the small black-and-white manor had grown shabbier—farmers could not be pressed for rent when times were bad—but there was an atmosphere of comfort and permanence within, of family affection and unsophisticated content.

Punch stepped out from it all a little nervously on the evening of Jane's birthday dance. He never felt quite at home in the Saffron *ménage* and to-night's celebrations would be more than usually opulent.

He took a short cut through the fields, watched by Suffolk Kate, his father's cherished brood mare, and the misty beauty of the autumn evening was the more poignant because, next week, Jane was going away. Jane's quite considerable intelligence ran to modern languages and music and she had at last persuaded her father to let her study abroad.

So Punch's heart was heavy, but he cheered himself by thinking of the gift he had sent over that morning. Much cunning thought had gone into his offering. It had to be perfect of its kind, but something no richer man would think of giving. Most important, it had to be something she would look at every day. So Punch had chosen a miniature travelling clock and, folded into its flat morocco case, was his birthday poem. When Jane got him alone to thank him—as he knew she would—he meant by way of that poem to ask her to marry him. He tried over a few sentences as he went up the drive. . . .

But at his first sight of Jane in the ballroom welcoming her guests, he nearly lost his nerve. She had never looked so grown-up. Her hair was curled close to her head and shone like yellow silk under the lights. She was tall and slender in soft, ivory satin and round her lovely throat were the pearls that were her father's birthday gift. But her eyes were dark with excitement and the voice that greeted him was eager as it had been when they were mushrooming only yesterday morning.

Her mother welcomed him with more reserve. She was a handsome woman in a commandingly aquiline way; as usual, she made Punch feel he had ink on his collar. Passing on he made for a vantage point where he could gaze upon Jane. He was not impatient; his turn would come. And when a gaily-coloured bunch of new arrivals hid Jane, he looked around for her father. Punch liked that elderly scholar, though most people shrivelled under his keen blue stare. His only blind spot, they said, was his wife. To please her he put in an appearance at her parties but usually escaped before long to write his bitterly prophetic articles on economic Europe. It pleased him to declare that his was a voice crying in the wilderness with only his daughter listening to it.

Half unconsciously, Punch was listening to other voices. Beyond a mass of greenhouse chrysanthemums, an aunt of the family was gossiping with an American who presently paid Jane some compliment which was instantly taken up:—

"We're so proud of her! *And* she has brains. She'll make a brilliant marriage—if she's not thrown away on some young nobody before she's seen anything of the world."

his own. "Glad you like it," he muttered

The Story of a Man's Personal Hatred of Nazi Germany

By Frances Richardson

The American laughed comfortably: "You won't let that happen."

"You don't know Jane! She's impulsive, warm-hearted—she'd imagine herself in love with any country playfellow if he wanted her badly enough. And," emphatically, "it would be harnessing a good, sound *plough* horse to a Derby winner!" She sighed elaborately and Punch made an unobtrusive escape.

It is especially unpleasant to overhear home truths that one is certainly meant to overhear.

Punch was dancing with Jane to a languorous waltz from the latest Astaire film. He danced well enough, but to-night he was holding her as if she were the stem of a champagne glass he might inadvertently snap. He was both relieved and disturbed when she suddenly squeezed his arm and said:—

"Shall we escape?"

"In here," urged Jane at the top of the stairs. "Not even father will come here to-night."

Punch followed her into the book-lined room and Jane sat in the chair before the desk. Idly her hands turned over her father's papers.

"I wonder how much of all this is true," she said. "About Europe. Perhaps I'll begin to know next week."

She smiled up at him and a lump came into his throat. He remembered the brave sentences he had tried over along the drive.

"It was like you, Punch, to think of the little clock," said Jane softly. "It's perfect. I've never seen one so small. A clock's *company*, and yours will be if I get homesick for England—as, of course, I shall!" She held out a hand. "Thank you, Punch."

"Glad you like it," he muttered. He stared at the long fingers in his own.

"And thanks for the poem." Her voice dropped almost shyly. "I know it by heart: 'No moon or star——'"

"*Don't*," he interrupted roughly. "Sorry——" He dropped her hand and began to fidget about the room. "It's tripe, really. I can't write—not like one of these chaps." He jerked a shoulder towards the bookshelves on the wall.

He couldn't look at Jane or he would be blurting out his love for her: the love of a good, sound plough horse. Jane was tender-hearted, impressionable. It wouldn't be fair. She had to have her chance. He tried to convince himself that he didn't want a Jane at nineteen who would regret him at twenty-five; and he tried not to see the puzzled look in her eyes.

Since he had to say something: "I wish you weren't going to *Germany*," he said.

"You're prejudiced!" she returned at once. "We all are. But you have to concede that they're bringing order out of chaos. I'm going with an open mind."

The next week, she went. At first Punch heard from her regularly; friendly, amusing letters; all that she saw illuminated by her lively wit. But it soon became clear that she was seeing what she was meant to see. Already she was an enthusiast.

She only came home for Christmas because her father was far from well.

There were aspects of Nazi Germany, she admitted then, that no English person could like; but, when you looked round at the muddle and unemployment here, coming back to England was like coming back to a madhouse!

"At least they've got system," she maintained.

It was the night in Christmas week when Punch had gone over to dinner. Jane was strange and exotic in dahlia-red

THE woman was pushing a perambulator with the children at her untidy skirts

velvet with tight medieval sleeves, Punch very silent.

"Certainly they have a system," agreed his host judicially. "An economically unsound system leading to war——"

"*No, father!*"

They all looked at Jane. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes alarmed.

"My dear, war is their only——"

"You haven't lived there! It's a country where youth's given an ideal. They're building up—the last thing they want is war!" She added more quietly: "It's such a *beautiful* country."

"Don't become so enamoured of it," said her mother lightly, "that you won't want to leave it!"

"As a matter of fact," Jane hesitated. Her brilliant eyes swept the table. "I've something to tell you. Punch is an old friend and I'd like him to know, but you're all going to hate this—I *don't* want to leave Germany. There's someone I want to marry there."

Her mother recovered first. "*What* a bombshell," she said easily, "and who is he, Jane?"

"I met him at the university. He's a physicist, doing research."

"And has he any means?" inquired her father dryly.

"Oh—*money*," said Jane.

"*You've* never been without it, my darling!" Her mother's voice was indulgent and she smiled at Punch as if to say Jane would grow out of this nonsense.

But his lips were stiff. He knew, if her parents did not, how serious this was to Jane; and his own misery was not blinding him to the unhappiness before her. Her people would surely never consent.

Jane's eyes were on her father. He was leaning back in his chair and Punch thought compassionately how old he looked. He smiled now with ironic melancholy:—

"So I am alone in the wilderness. My last listener has closed her ears." It was

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

obviously all he meant to say now. As soon as he decently could, Punch went home.

He did not see Jane again before she returned to Germany and in the spring her father died of pneumonia. His wife's friends tittered to learn that the economist had died in debt and she herself lost no time in marrying the American of Jane's birthday dance. But, before sailing for the States, she let it be known that her daughter was marrying a brilliant German scientist of whom the world would hear one day.

That was very nearly the last her own world heard of Jane.

IT was when the Rendel fortunes were at their lowest that Punch's father said with quiet satisfaction:—

"I met a South American to-day, buying horses. He's coming along. I told you we'd never regret buying Suffolk Kate!"

The family smiled at each other. Father's horse breeding was indulged as a sideline. His mares had to work for their keep, but Suffolk Kate's progeny were becoming known.

That introduction to a foreign market was a beginning. Eighteen months later, Punch was sailing for Buenos Aires and, by the time he went on to South Africa, it seemed the Rendels were once more going to survive.

Whilst enjoying the hospitality of South Africa, Punch found himself the fellow guest of a man from home. The afternoon was hot, the long chairs relaxing, the ice clinked in cool glasses. In pleasant drowsiness, Punch listened to gossip of a corner of England that seemed very far away.

"This fellow I met in Durban," said the man from home, "had been nosing round Germany—and some of the things he saw should make the Admiralty sit up. Well, he got invited to the house of a red-hot Nazi and the fellow's wretched wife turned out to be English. Said it gave him an awful shock to see this obviously cultured Englishwoman with three bouncing Nazi brats and nerves (*Continued on page* 68)

THEY wanted no shooting, no alarms, and this Franz had a gun. They rolled over, struggling for mastery of it among the sharp little cracks of snapping twigs

Miss E. M. Goodenough, C.B.E., Deputy Director, WRNS (Welfare)
(Photograph: Cecil Beaton)

Miss J. M. Woollcombe, Deputy Director, WRNS (Manning)
(Photograph: Yvonne Gregory)

(Right) Miss Mary Baxter-Ellis, C.B.E., Senior Controller and Deputy Director, ATS

Second In Command

By Wilma Buckley

SOMETHING of the work and personalities of the chiefs of the three women's Services is known to the public at large, as are the functions and attributes of their officers and the rank and file in general.

But the women who are next to the leaders—those who are second in command—are rarely written about or photographed, mainly as a result of their own wishes in the matter (a praiseworthy dislike of personal publicity), partly on account of the character of their work which is, in the very nature of things, necessarily behind the scenes more often than not.

Those who officiate for the public good cannot altogether avoid public attention, however much they may wish to do so; it is, actually, in the general interest to consider the deputy leaders, to learn even a little about their personalities and the tasks they undertake and so ably carry out.

OPERATING (as one would expect) according to naval principles, the WRNS has two Deputy Directors: one for Welfare and one for Manning. These two Deputies work in close co-ordination with the Director and in close co-operation with each other, since the functions of their respective departments are frequently dovetailed, Miss E. M. Goodenough, C.B.E., Deputy Director (Welfare) being the senior.

To describe the Deputy Director (Welfare) as "motherly" would be to give a misleading impression, since the word instantly conjures up a picture of a grey-haired, placid and comfortable personality without any marked character. Miss Goodenough, on the contrary, has a fine head of fair hair waving off her brow; steady and keen blue eyes and competence written all over her—plenty of character here and grip and a wide range of interests. But one does feel that she possesses that particular quality of "motherliness," that it is, indeed, one of her most marked characteristics in the sense that it includes a welcoming of responsibility and a flair for looking after other people. One guesses, reassuringly, that Miss Goodenough would naturally and instinctively gravitate towards the domestic side of any organization.

Being a born home-maker by temperament, she takes an innate and personal interest in housing and all that it implies where the women in her Service are concerned.

Everything connected with accommodation (and a very wide range that covers!) is her province, as are such details as uniform and clothing; all problems of welfare, mental and physical, and the important topic of education.

Miss Goodenough is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. Goodenough, Indian Army; her family has many naval connections and at the beginning of this war she had no fewer than nine relatives serving in the Royal Navy.

Miss Goodenough entered the Admiralty in September, 1918, as a temporary shorthand typist, Grade 1; she was Chief Woman Officer at the Admiralty in 1937 and was appointed Deputy Director of the WRNS in April, 1939, when the Service was started.

MISS J. M. WOOLLCOMBE is Deputy Director (Manning). Her responsibilities are of a different order and she impresses one immediately as being the ideal personality for the kind of problems which she has to tackle. Dark-haired, with deep-set, observant brown eyes and sensitive features, Miss Woollcombe is obviously the possessor of a fine brain and a highly developed and intuitive intelligence. But—and it is a very significant "but"—she is undeniably and wisely human at the same time and deeply understanding of the difficulties that beset human beings even in a thoroughly well-regulated Service; grave, serene and dignified in manner, extremely natural, her smile (and she smiles delightfully frequently when talking) is kindness itself.

The Service careers of all in the WRNS are Miss Woollcombe's responsibility and care; it is the Deputy Director (Manning) who has to provide the right girl for the right job; to see to all arrangements and provision for training; attend to questions of advancement and overseas appointments: "manning the ship," in fact, quite literally. Recruiting officers are under her ægis—recruiting, incidentally, is a separate department in itself, with its own personnel, and there treated with the attention to detail that such an important matter deserves—and Miss Woollcombe is profoundly pleased in this respect at the number of young and keen volunteers who wish to enter the Service. The Deputy Director (Manning) is Devonshire born and bred—her home is in Plymouth—but since her father was in the Navy, her early years were spent abroad, in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and other countries far afield. During the last war she was in the Intelligence (*Continued on page 61*)

Group Officer I. M. Campbell, Deputy Director, WAAF

No Ballerina, No Brandy

THE first words he ever spoke to me were: "I say, old chap, could you lend me a fiver?"

I had never seen him before. He had come over on a short attachment to our squadron, and this was his first day in the mess.

"My name's Saunders," he added as an afterthought. "Peter Saunders." And he stood there, one foot on a higher stair, just as he had stopped, his whole attitude implying that his request was unpremeditated, that something in my face had jogged his memory. It was as though he had paused to ask what time was lunch.

I do not attribute it to weakness alone that my hand went unhesitatingly to my wallet. His bland smile, wide blue eyes, and fair curly hair, made him a picture of child-like innocence. Besides, his directness was disarming; one could not refuse without feeling close-fisted.

"I'm afraid I've only two pounds," I apologized. "And a little small change."

"Never mind," he said sympathetically. "We can't all be millionaires. That'll do for the time being. No, old chap, keep the small stuff—you may need it." And thus creating by his tone an impression that he was being nothing if not magnanimous, he slipped the notes, without even glancing at them, into the side pocket of his uniform, and drawing from me a smile in response to his own, disappeared upstairs.

Saunders was a flight lieutenant, a pilot. He remained with our squadron for only a week during which time he became the most famous member of the mess. He was what is known as a "mixer," not of the muscular back-slapping variety, but of the kind that will enter with composure into conversation with the great and not-so-great alike. He was twenty-five; yet for anecdote he drew upon a fund of experience more appropriate to a *bon viveur* of twice his age. Whether his experience was real or imaginary became, in the first day or two of his stay, a moot point. Was he, in fact, a braggart, a "line-shooter," or was he perfectly genuine? In his absence the matter was hotly debated, and during that one week never satisfactorily solved. Imperturbable under a barrage of questions, his stories stood the test. Nobody could catch him out.

The fact that his boasting, if boasting it was, had the guise of modesty, was half responsible for his charm and success. When he spoke of women—and here he was most fluent of all—he made generalizations that he knew one must assume to be based upon his own particular experience.

His contention—though he never expounded this as a theory—was that personality is a skeleton key to open every door. Brains and intelligence, talents and accomplishments—these, without personality, were as nothing.

We all of us had the feeling that Saunders would have four rings on his sleeves before we had three.

When he left us we had not, as I have said, discovered how much of Saunders was bluff. There were those who took him at his face value, frankly admiring. "One of the best," they insisted. Then there were the cynical, who said: "Just a type. Clever vainglory. Can you imagine an intelligent woman falling for that kind of talk?" One or two of us thought a week insufficient to pass judgment. We were glad of a further opportunity.

IT came a fortnight later when three of us had forty-eight hours' leave in town. Saunders's own station was but a short way out, and we arranged to meet for a matinée and dinner. He was half an hour late, and his sympathy for us bore the Saunders hall-mark. "Poor fellows, standing about all this time. All because my C.O. likes to hear his own voice. Sheer bad luck. Never mind—why look so gloomy?" Somehow in his presence our irritation at being late for the ballet (he had got all the tickets) was replaced by a feeling of guilt that we had allowed ourselves to be irritated. We trooped into the theatre.

It was afterwards, in the restaurant, that Mike mentioned the Napoleon brandy. We were talking of wines, of days gone by when it was worth while being a connoisseur. Inevitably, Mike's nest-egg, a bequest from an uncle, became the topic of conversation. Jimmy and I already knew of its existence; we had teased him often, guessing at the occasion for which he was saving it. But Saunders had not heard before. He showed interest.

"What are you keeping it for?" he asked. "Every day it's exposed to new risk of destruction by bomb."

"I'm waiting for a great occasion," Mike said. "The Armistice, perhaps . . ."

"What's wrong with to-night?"

"It's a stag party, for one thing."

"We can rectify that!" exclaimed Saunders, glancing at the telephone.

"No, no," Mike said quickly. "Every girl doesn't make a great occasion."

"Who then?"

Mike was thoughtful.

"I'd bring it out for Hedy Lamarr," he said.

"But she's in America."

"Or a girl I saw in the Bal Tabarin when I was eighteen . . ."

"Be reasonable," Saunders insisted.

"Very well," Mike said. "I'd uncork it like a shot for Lopovka."

Now it had been at Mike's instigation that we had been to the ballet that afternoon—or rather, to particularize, that we had been to Lopovka. Lopovka, he declared, was not only—what we already knew—amongst the most eminent dancers of to-day; She was also the possessor of outstanding beauty. Her lithesome body and classic features, he made clear, were something we would never forget. And it was this description, not unjustified, that had seduced us from a low-brow musical.

Saunders was smiling his bland smile.

"When?" he inquired.

"Get me Lopovka—and I'll get the bottle."

"A deal," he said. "Witness, both of you. For Napoleon brandy, the labours of Hercules would be a pleasure. I would gladly have found for you the Queen of Sheba."

"The Queen of Sheba," said Jimmy, "would have come like a lamb by comparison with Lopovka."

"Really?" Saunders said, unruffled.

"Lopovka has the reputation of out-Garboing Garbo, and making Elisabeth Bergner look like a social whirlwind."

"Napoleon brandy," Saunders said, with that blithe insolence of his, "is Napoleon brandy. Leave it all to me."

We left it to him, not a little intrigued by his confidence, and knowing that by this Saunders and all his previously untested stories would stand or fall. Mike, who had always stood among the unconvinced where Saunders was concerned, looked sceptical. Jimmy, a believer, was already tasting the brandy in his imagination. I wavered somewhere between, thinking that Saunders had no serious intention of pursuing the matter, but had a trick up his sleeve. But Mike said: "No tricks. No Lopovka, no brandy." and Saunders nodded quietly, not in the least disconcerted. I think, if I had not been so interested in the matter, I should have found his confidence exasperating.

A Flight Lieutenant Pulls A Fast One Over His Brother Officers

By Richard Lakin

When we parted we had fixed a date for the dinner that was to be Saunders's shibboleth. It was to be one month ahead, when we all of us hoped to be on leave. The rendezvous was Scarlatti's, the time nine o'clock in the evening so that, as Saunders pointed out, we should not have to ask Lopovka to cut a performance. Mike was to have the brandy with him.

"But when you find it's a wash-out," Mike said, "drop me a post-card. It'll save an excursion to the vault."

All Saunders said was: "I never use post-cards," and tilting his peaked cap at a rakish angle, he disappeared in the black-out.

DURING the next four weeks we heard not a word of him, though the story ran round the mess and the outcome was widely speculated upon. "Better be digging out the bottle," said t e believers as the time drew near, but Mike, who d more than a suspicion that he was the victim of plot, had not even written home requesting it should be sent. Jimmy and I got hold of him.

"You've got to play fair," we insisted.

"He'll never turn up," said Mike.

"Then you can put the brandy in store again."

"Or he'll say Lopovka promised to come *but* . . . another engagement, you know. Might as well drink the brandy all the same—toasting her's good enough."

"VERY well," Mike said, "I'd uncork it like a shot for Lopovka," who, he declared, was not only—what we already knew—amongst the most eminent dancers of to-day; she was also the possessor of outstanding beauty

"We'll see there's no cheating," we said. "No Lopovka, no brandy."

Reluctantly, Mike dispatched his request, and three days later there was a long, neat parcel waiting for him on the hall table. There was much good-humoured chaffing. "What's a ballerina got that we haven't got, Mike? Share it amongst the boys." "The nearest you'll get to Lopovka

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

is the orchestra stalls. Drink it while the going's good." For safety, I got Mike to let me hide the bottle in my suitcase, and there it remained until the day we went on leave.

In the train Mike's apprehension noticeably grew. I think it occurred to him for the first time that Lopovka might actually turn up; in which case he felt it advisable to have a prearranged plan. The supper, he said, would be straightforward enough. But what about afterwards? What did he mean, we inquired, by afterwards?

Well, he pointed out, two were company and five a stampede. After all, it was for his benefit, and his brandy, that Lopovka would come (if, as he emphasized, the hundred-to-one chance turned up). And if Lopovka drank brandy, it was possible the *afterwards* might be more interesting than the *before*. In other words, what he was really getting at was that he had admired Lopovka from the time of his first ballet, and he would hate us to feel that our departure shortly after supper was in any way an imposition upon *him*.

We promised, we said, to be paragons of tact; and with this understanding, on the stroke of nine, we were handing in our great-coats at the cloak-room of Scarlatti's.

Needless to say, Saunders had not arrived. Nor had Lopovka.

"A table for five," said Mike dismally, still clutching the parcel that contained the bottle. "Though there may be only four."

We seated ourselves and ordered sherry, which we drank in expectant silence, glancing continually at the door. It was not a very good sherry, and the thought of the incomparable brandy seemed more attractive than ever. Indeed, without Lopovka, I reflected, the evening would be a flop, a rotten beginning to our seven days' leave. Moreover, as far as we were concerned, Saunders's number would be up. He wouldn't talk himself out of this bad joke in a hurry. And if he hadn't got the nerve to show up at all. . . .

But he had got the nerve. At a quarter-past nine he came striding in.

"Where's Lopovka?" he demanded at once, looming over the table.

"That," said Mike tritely, "is what we'd like to know."

"She's not here?"

"She is not."

"But you have the brandy?" Saunders pursued.

Mike held it up.

"I haven't uncorked it *yet*," he said pointedly.

"Good heavens, no," Saunders said. "Wait till after dinner."

"I shall also wait for Lopovka."

"Naturally," Saunders said. "She'll be here in a minute. Let's repeat the sherries. Waiter!"

He was in an excellent humour, though this was not reflected in the rest of our faces. We were beginning to feel ashamed that we had allowed our legs to be so easily pulled. And what was the next step, we wondered. How long did we have to go on sipping our sherries before Saunders's bluff was called?

We must have listened to him chatting nonchalantly for a quarter of an hour or so when a waiter came down the row of tables, saying, "Mr. Saunders, please. Mr. Saunders . . . Ah, a telephone call for you, sir." Saunders smilingly excused himself and disappeared from the room.

Of course we guessed the story he would bring back with him, and prepared for battle. Nothing, we resolved, nothing short of Lopovka herself, would induce us to allow the brandy bottle to be opened. However compelling his argument, however silvery his tongue, we were positively sworn to resist. We even called over the waiter and put the bottle in his charge. "Only uncork it," we requested, "if a lady arrives—and only if the lady is Mme Lopovka."

"AT first it didn't strike her that I was wearing Air Force uniform. She banged the door and said: 'What's the matter with Lopovka?'"

The insolent smile was still on Saunders's face when he returned. We sat in silence, waiting like judges for a confession of guilt.

"I'm sorry," he began, "but we shall have to start. She won't be here for dinner——"

"Dammit!" Mike exploded. "Why the hell didn't you say that before? We could have started half an hour ago."

Saunders looked surprised; or at any rate his eyebrows arched in pretence of surprise.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I ought to have explained. That was Lopovka on the phone—or rather her dresser. She's had the deuce of a performance."

"And just can't make it," Mike said sarcastically.

"Of course she can. But she can't eat a big supper. She's having something in the theatre and then she'll be along. Awfully sorry—but you know about artistic temperament and all that. You can't pin these people down to anything."

"Well, of all the——!" Mike began, and then because the waiter was hovering round the table for the order, he pulled himself up and sat there looking like a thunder cloud. Jimmy and I gave resigned sort of smiles, because we could think of no better expression, and waited for each other to say something first. Needless to say, Saunders was the next one to talk. (*Continued on page* 64)

On Duty—and Off

Life in London is becoming very much like life in the South after the American Civil War, when friends called on each other with small offerings of food. In Savannah, where the food is something to dream about, this nice old fashion still exists, and my mother writes of friends who call with baskets of vegetables, little cakes and eggs. It 's fun to be able to write back and tell her of a friend back from the country who brought us three eggs and a string of onions ; of someone who came in to play bridge with an offering of half a pound of margarine ; of a precious gift consisting of two boxes of matches ; of one man who came to dinner bearing a tin of sardines and another who arrived with a bottle of turtle soup.

By Jane Gordon

OFF duty has been rather hard to come by lately, and what I have had I have spent collecting and correlating a little special service for you which I hope you will find useful. It is a three-part top-to-toe beauty service. First I went round the shops to find out just how many beauty aids remain on sale, and, believe it or not, there are still quite a number of the old favourites which are yours for the buying.

Let 's head the list with the shampoos. You can still get a famous liquid soapless shampoo for 7½d., 1s. 10½d. and 3s. 2d. a bottle, and an equally well-known make of camomile and henna soap shampoo for 6d. a packet. This particular manufacturer also sells a liquid soapless shampoo for 1s. 3d. I found another soap shampoo for blondes and brunettes at 5d. a packet, and, most surprising of all, a pre-war " egg " shampoo for 3d.

If your complexion is extra fine, fair or sensitive, nothing is better for you than a cleansing milk. Unfortunately, cleansing milks are very few and far between. One of the nicest costs 2s. 6d. a bottle, which includes 100 per cent. purchase tax. With luck you will find it on sale at the big stores, and if these fail I still have an address which I can pull out in the case of a very urgent need.

A twenty-minute clean and make-up to " pretty you " for leave or to meet your favourite man when he comes on leave

Any time between now and June you have a sporting chance of one of the six different makes of creams and vanishing creams which could be found by the hundreds on any cosmetic counter in pre-war days. There is no reason why you should show your face naked and unadorned with make-up simply because you are a war worker and your local shops resemble Mother Hubbard's cupboard. I know where you can get one of the best-known ranges of lipsticks in ten shades : Coral, Exotic, Natural, Pastel, Hawaiian, Black Magic, Orchid, Rose Dawn, Fire Red and Grenadier, with three shades of rouge to tone with this range. What is more, I could give you two more addresses which will supply a complete range of make-up and creams. It is even possible to get a very pleasant bath essence called Chypre for 7s. 6d. or 12s. 6d. a bottle and Pine bath essence, which will give you an excellent cocktail bath for 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. a bottle.

I have made out a chart listing all these wartime names and addresses, and this is Part I. of the beauty service. Part II. is a face-massage chart which tells you exactly how to smooth out your war-weary face before you go to bed each night so that you can get up looking fresh in the morning. This includes a list of cold cream, skin food, orange cream, cleansing cream and lemon cold cream, which are still obtainable.

Part III. is an exercise chart. This tells you about correct breathing, which is vitally important, both for your health and your figure, and gives you an exercise for neck, arms, stomach, hips, legs, ankles and feet, nose-to-mouth lines, double chin and sagging jawline.

As far as I can tell, this three-part service should enable you to keep your good looks intact until victory, even if you are on full-time essential war work and never see a beauty aid in your local shops.

THE best beginning to forty-eight hours' leave or seven days' leave is a hair-set, a facial and a tired-feet treatment, and of these three the most important is probably the tired-feet treatment. In London you can get this service quite reasonably if you know where to go and book in advance. One very wise beauty specialist now has a chiropodist working with her. You can get your corns treated and have foot and ankle massage as well, and for tired and aching feet nothing is more comforting or restful than expert massage. The charges are 3s. 6d. to remove the corns from one foot or 5s. for both feet. The foot and ankle massage is 7s. 6d. Women in uniform can, however, have the whole treatment, including corns, foot and ankle massage, for 7s. 6d. Here you can also get long and short beauty treatments which are well worth knowing about. A twenty-minute clean and make-up to " pretty you " for leave or to meet your favourite man when he comes on leave costs 5s. 6d., and a good half-hour facial is 8s. 6d. Face-lifting by manipulation is 15s. 6d. The treatment lasts an hour and includes a thorough back massage with a good deal of work done round the cervicle vertebra. The expert who gives these treatments talked a lot of sense. She told me that she is convinced that many a nervous breakdown could be prevented by massage, and I am quite sure she is right. The massage which is most soothing in the case of nervous tension is the scalp, neck, shoulder and back massage. A course of these treatments would be particularly good for any woman who feels she is becoming a " nervous wreck."

The best beginning to forty-eight hours' leave or seven days' leave is a hair-set, a facial and a tired-feet treatment

The Americans in London must have started a new fashion back home, judging by the number of wartime scarves they buy every day in Grosvenor Street. I am told that the American girls have never seen anything like these scarves, and they really are quite lovely—enormous squares of wool or silk type or fine chiffon of the loveliest designs. There (*Continued on page* 67)

How to Paint and . . . Distemper a Room

. . . Painting

A quarter of a pint of paint is enough to give a single coat to both sides of a door. Ready-mixed colours are best for the amateur, but dark shades can be made paler by the very careful addition of some white paint, added slowly and well stirred. First try the paint for colour on a piece of board before using.

Old paint should be rubbed down with glasspaper. Next wash thoroughly with soda water and again with clean water. Dry with a cloth. Stripping is only necessary when the old paint is badly cracked or blistered. A chemical stripper painted on and left for a few hours loosens the paint and renders it easy to peel off.

When covering old paint with the same colour, one coat is sometimes enough for indoor work, but if the colour is to be changed or if the old paint is badly marked, an undercoating is essential. Enamel and cellulose paints which are sometimes thick and hard to spread can stand in a bowl of hot water, which greatly eases the work.

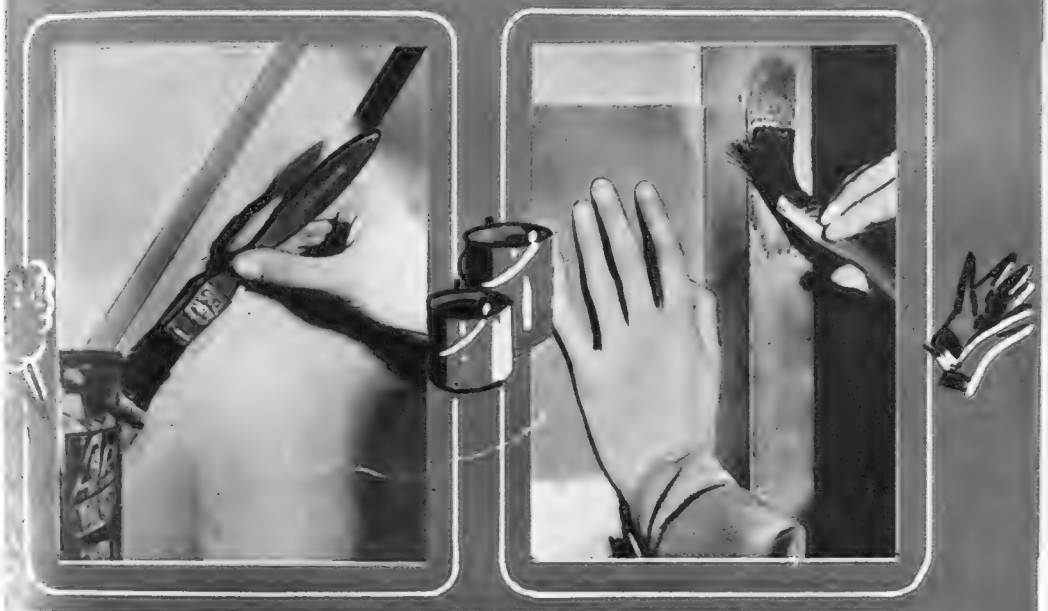
. . . Distempering

Dust walls and remove flaked distemper with a dry brush. Clean out loose plaster from cracks or holes in the wall. Press Keene's cement into the cavity with a knife, smoothing the edges level. Mix cement on a wet board. Pour only enough water on to the cement powder to make a thick paste. Stuff large holes in the skirting with paper before applying cement.

Wash lincrusta with warm water before repainting or distempering. Use a clean distemper-brush for this, otherwise the dust which lodges in the raised pattern will remain. Give the lincrusta time to dry before painting. Sometimes a coat of varnish is sufficient to restore a lincrusta frieze. In this case, wash down the surface and let it dry before varnishing.

If plaster is loose or porous, a coat of size must be given before distempering. Give the size a few hours to dry before covering with distemper. Follow instructions carefully for mixing distemper. Stir thoroughly in a pail to remove lumps before using. Mix enough distemper for the whole operation, as a second mixture is often found to be a slightly different shade of colour.

SUCCESS IN HOME DECORATING DEPENDS UPON USING THE RIGHT IMPLEMENTS, THE BEST AVAILABLE QUALITY DISTEMPER AND PAINT AND A CORRECT AND PAINSTAKING METHOD. SOME PROFESSIONAL HINTS ARE HERE GIVEN FOR SPRING HOME DECORATORS



Start painting at the top of a room, doing picture-rails and tops of door-frames first. Doors, cupboards and skirting-boards come last. Take up only half an inch of paint on to the brush, otherwise it will clog and run down the handle. As in the case of distemper, never leave off work and later add wet paint to the edge of dry.

Large surfaces can be covered quickly with brushes of from 2 to 4 ins. wide. A sash tool or a small, flat brush is better for window-sash frames and fine mouldings. A sheet of thin tin is helpful to hold against the wall surface when working on the outside edges, mouldings and door-edges which come close to the wallpaper.

It is possible to darken a light-coloured distemper by the addition of powdered dye. Similarly, a dark colour can be lightened with white distemper-powder. Mix the two colours of powder together before adding the water, but if any further lightening or darkening is afterwards required, dilute the powder first. A string tied across the pail is helpful for resting the brush.

Hold the distemper-brush like this. The secret of an even surface is to take only a small quantity of distemper on the brush. Dip not more than an inch into the mixture and work quickly from side to side and up and down. Complete one wall before stopping, or brush-marks will show where wet distemper has been added to dry.

TREATMENTS

WHEN the practical method of re-decorating has been mastered, get busy working out new treatment and touches of colour interest to make the work seem worth while.

One whole wall of a contrasting colour from the rest is worth trying if you are not afraid of experiment. Suppose you have one beautiful antique. Use it as a focal-point, with a background colour different from the rest. A room with pale yellow walls could have a fourth side in deep golden yellow; or three walls of lavender-grey could have a fourth of pale petunia, matching carpets and curtains.

If you are shy of treating one whole wall differently from the rest, modify the same plan by using it for an alcove or recess. Another method is to use just one panel of wallpaper with a design which tones with the colouring of the walls. This could be a background for an attractive mirror and a table, a favourite picture or a beautiful collection of china. A narrow wood moulding framing the edges of the paper is sufficient.

The insides of cupboards can be cheered with a brightly-coloured lining which tones or contrasts with the scene outside. A cupboard door opened constantly in the sitting-room could have its inside decorated with stuck-on, brightly-coloured cut-outs, arranged in amusing juxtaposition, *à la* scrap-book.

Coloured door-panels are effective, but can only be used in a fairly large room. Stick-on flower decorations for door-panels will do in the smallest room, however, if the treatment is simple. Flower sprays cut out from a good wallpaper will provide the *motif*. Stick them on to the centre of the panels and let them dry before going all over the surface with a clear varnish.

Decorating a bathroom calls for restraint, because most bathrooms are small and happiest with a simple décor. If the outside of the bath is panelled, paint it to match the doors, but a vigorous contrast in such a small room is not advisable.

Woolly JACKET

MATERIALS

8 ozs. Ramada 3-ply knitting wool; No. 10 needles; 4 button moulds.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 35 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7½ st. and ten rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 100 st. Work moss st. for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 128 st. Work a row or so until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 92 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 32 st. Cast off.

TWO SIDE PANELS ALIKE

Cast on 20 st. Work moss st. for 4 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. of every 4th row (one edge only) until there are 35 st. Work straight until shaped edge (side seam) is 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row 19 times. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 st. at armhole edge on every other row twice.

LEFT FRONT PANEL

Cast on 20 st. Work straight until edge measures 13 ins. Now m. 1 st. at straight edge on next and every 4th row for 4 ins. Cast off 14 st. at shaped edge. Now k. 2 tog. next this casting off on every row until there are no st. left.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 114 st. Work moss st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row (still keeping pattern correct) until there are 2½ ins. from casting on. Cast off.

BUTTONS (4 alike)

Cast on 10 st. Work moss st. for 1¼ ins. Cast off. Sew over moulds.

RIGHT FRONT PANEL

Cast on and work as left, but after 4 ins. have been worked make a buttonhole in centre edge by casting off 6 st. (4 st. from edge) and casting them on again in next row. Measure space on left front panel and space the other three buttonholes in suitable places.

SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 52 st. with No. 10 needles. Work moss st. for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 82 st. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 st. Cast off. Sew up side seams. (*Continued on page* 67)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning.

Crochet FASCINATOR

MATERIALS

3 ozs. Emu pure Botany fingering; a fine bone crochet-hook. (Ch. = chain; dc = double crochet.)

Start by working 142 ch. turn, into 6th ch. away, put 1 dc. * 4 ch. Into 4th ch. away put 1 dc. Repeat from * to end of row. Turn.

2nd row.—* 4 ch. Into the hole below put 1 dc. Repeat from * all along row. Repeat this 2nd row, keeping same number of holes, for 46 ins. Fasten off.

Now work cap piece on centre 14 holes on one of the long sides. Work 1st row as main part on these 14 holes. Turn.

3rd row.—As usual up to the 14th hole, omit last 4 ch. and do not work into this hole. Turn.

4th row.—As usual up to 13th hole, omit last 4 ch. and do not work into this hole. Turn. Continue to work one less hole at end of every row until you are only working 4 holes. Fasten off.

Into front edge only, sew small woolly balls every 1½ ins., made by winding wool thickly round a card ¾ in. wide. Break off, thread end of wool through needle, gather up one edge of wound wool, cut other edge and pull up to make ball.

By JEAN BURNUP,
Editor Women's Department

"I've Had It For Years"

Compliment a friend on a hat, shirt or dress that bears the quality look, and she is likely to answer proudly, " I 've had it for years." And, depending on your intimacy, she will take you aside to reveal delectable cami-knickers, made from the best parts of the old spare room curtains in her ex-flat, don't you remember ?

Ingenuity and invention, born with the first coupon issue, have piled up ever since. As well, women have learnt which clothes it is expedient to alter and which, even when change is madly desirable, it is unforgivable to tamper with.

The gay, stylish clothes drawn on this page all came into the " I 've-had-it-for-years " class. All have been imaginatively made over, except the riding-jacket, which was wisely left alone. Its long revers and fullish hip-line are stunning over a plain, tight-skirted woollen frock ; a clip in each lapel emphasises the different look of the outfit.

A nightdress which was suffering from constant washings was taken in time and cut up into a delicate blouse, with shirred neck and full sleeves. An old-fashioned uncle's old-fashioned silk evening shirt with fortuitously pleated front became a shirt of the moment, tie neck, square shoulders and all. A pill-box, once worn tilted over an eyebrow, is now placed elegantly back of the head, cheered by light net bows, a couple of roses.

Finally, the dress. Ordinarily, it would not be a good plan to convert a shirt waist frock into a dressy affair. But in the case of a tight bodice and full skirt with unpressed pleats—a line much in favour a few years back—it can be done with success. The sleeves were shortened and draped below each elbow. The pocket and collar were removed, a new roll collar and centre-front twist of contrast satin added.

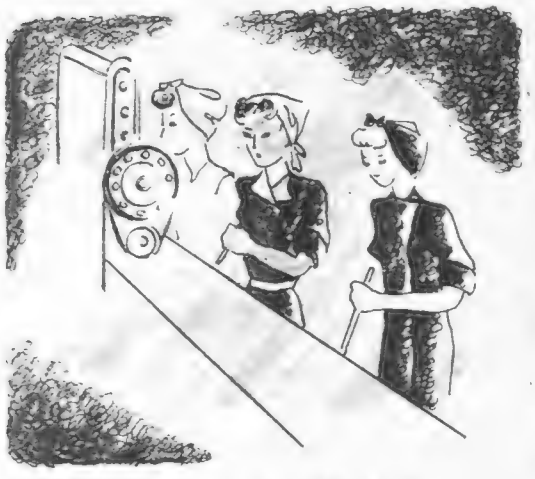
The Food For Your Job

AUTHORITY HAS ARRANGED OUR WARTIME FOOD WITH CARE, GIVING ATTENTION TO AGE, MOTHERHOOD, OCCUPATION. IT IS YOUR CONCERN TO GO FURTHER AND PLAN MEALS SPECIFICALLY TO SUIT SPECIALISED REQUIREMENTS. THE WORK YOU DO SHOULD GOVERN THE FOOD YOU EAT

Manual Workers. There is little fear of a land-girl getting into a toxic state owing to over-eating of starches, because her exercise uses up the heat and energy generated by the food and she throws off any superfluous acids. This rule applies to all manual workers, according to the amount of physical energy expended.

Here is a typical menu: Breakfast—porridge, sugar and milk, fried bread or any breakfast savoury; bread, margarine and marmalade, honey or golden syrup. Tea or coffee. Mid-morning snack can be buns, biscuits, or roll and hot drink. Lunch can consist of pulse foods such as beans, peas, lentil soup, potato and cheese dishes, vegetable dishes or meat or fish. Dinner at night can be the usual vegetable and meat or savoury substitute meal. Any kind of sweet can follow.

The intake of carbo-hydrates in this diet is high. The one thing you must remember is that all starches—bread, potatoes, buns, puddings—must be thoroughly chewed, as they are not digested so easily, and no amount of manual work can assist you if you get indigestion.



Manual Night Workers. Usually this means factory work, so the amount of starch taken must be modified. The confined air and the hours of work put an added strain on the body, and toxins must not be allowed to accumulate. The meals taken during the later hours of the night should be easily digested and that rules out too many starches.

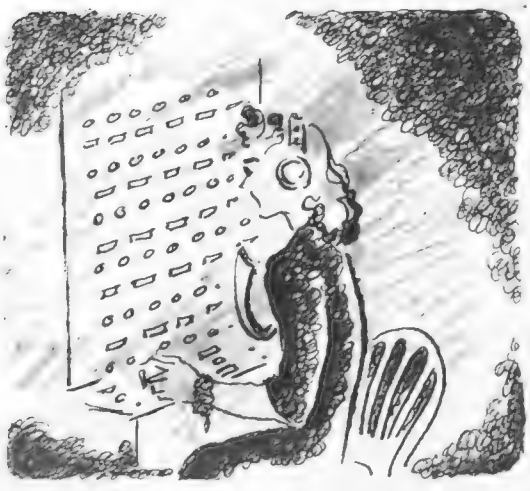
Dried-egg dishes, potatoes baked in their jackets, milk drinks (household milk is quite good), fish and savoury dishes are excellent. Soups, drinks of Marmite, Oxo, Bovril, weak Ovaltine, cocoa, are not toxin-creating and are very stimulating. Tea and coffee should not be the sole drinks. Have at least one good meal a day, and if this is in the evening it can be similar to the night meal of the day worker. If you are feeling off-colour and off your diet, make sure that you are not stinting your sleeping.

Have a good warm bath before going to bed, as this is relaxing. Have as much sugar—syrup, jams, dried fruits and honey—as possible; also eat foods containing iodine—fish, green vegetables. And take cod-liver oil occasionally. Iodines and sugars supply vigour.

Mental Workers. The whole diet for sedentary workers should be lighter, with more roughage or bulk foods. Breakfast should consist of a cereal—or stewed fruit, when available—milk (household, if raw milk is still scarce), because milk contains calcium and calcium is a nerve food; toast, margarine or butter, marmalade, tea or coffee. If you want a savoury taste, keep it light.

Try to lunch on salads of raw vegetables, cheese and a savoury dish. At night, as first course to your meal, take fifteen deep, lung-stirring breaths outside; these will help you to relax the nerves which your work has strung tightly. Calcium and Vitamin D are your two main cares, as these help the parathyroid glands which keep nerve ends controlled.

All starches and heating, heavy foods should be low in your diet. The evening meal can be the vegetable and meat of the usual household, with a light sweet.



Mental Night Workers. This worker has the greatest strain on the nerves, and fatigue and strain are liable to tax the body with toxins, especially if, during the night, innumerable cups of tea are taken. Try to get the alternative hot drinks suggested for the manual night worker. Food must be light, easily digested and yet nourishing.

Two good meals should be taken, one in early evening and one later, in the early hours of the morning. Salads are beneficial if you can take them during the day, but as they are more difficult for the body to digest, they should not be taken in the middle of your night. You, too, need a moderately hot bath before retiring, and fifteen deep, fresh breaths after the confinement of an office during black-out hours. Calcium and Vitamin D are important in your diet, too.

Blood

YOUR blood, pumped through your body by your heart, exerts a pressure on your arteries, and this pressure can be measured and taken as a guide to your health.

High blood pressure can be caused by hardening of the arteries, or by a toxic condition of the blood. If you think you have blood pressure owing to headaches, giddiness, nausea, constipation, palpitations, etc., you should see your doctor, because the chronic toxæmia may be due to a serious complaint.

If, on the other hand, it is merely due to an excess of food, alcohol, tobacco, work, or worry, you can easily clear the condition by removing the cause and then clearing the toxins

These . . . Give You AWAY

. . . YOUR ELBOWS

(These faultless ones belong to Zorina, famed ballerina)

. . . YOUR NECK

. . . YOUR EYES

YOUR neck, eyes, hands and elbows are the meanest telltales when it comes to thirty-five and over.

No neck under thirty should be lined or dingy unless through ill health. If it is getting necklaces of lines and looking crepy, you must concentrate on it immediately. The old, old skin rules—cleanse, nourish, tone—are the essentials, but with your neck they can be a little more drastic.

Use a soft toothbrush with your cleansing lotion or cleansing cream to work it well into the tiny crevices.

Remove grime and lotion, or cream, with a pad of cotton wool wet with a fifty-fifty mixture of Milton and water. The gentle scrubbing will tone by stimulating the circulation of the surface tissues, and the Milton has a bleaching effect.

If this cleansing routine has been done at any other time than bedtime, complete it with a vigorous slapping of your neck with a little pad of cotton wool wrung out in skin tonic or cold water. Otherwise finish up with a good massage and skin food application.

There are two schools of thought for neck massage—one says always up and the other advises a downward movement. While concentrating mainly on the upward movements in order to prevent any downward dragging of the lines on the lower half of the face, it is still possible to add a few downward sweepings, from under chin, with first fingers alternating, and continuing downwards to beyond the salt-cellar. This helps to tidy away the little extra chin.

Most of the other massage movements are from the base of the neck upwards, ending at chin-tip or under the ear lobes. Exercises will remove dowager's hump, and five minutes of neck exercises per day, done at any time, in any place, will do half the work of keeping the neck young.

Another age give-away is your eyes—not the character-lines, but an almost indiscernible sinking that can only be counteracted with exercises. Of course, the usual eye care of lotion-wet pads on tired eyes helps the lids.

Another important thing to remember is that the eyes reflect the mentality of the mind. It is so sadly true that after forty one may become lacking in enthusiasms, in faith, in all the spurs to a youthful vivacity of eye expression. So look to your mind.

Discoloured eye-whites can generally be remedied by greater attention to internal cleanliness; more water between meals, more salad foods.

Hands often belie your face. This does not mean war-working hands that are even stained, or palm-lined. It refers to the backs of the hands and knuckles. Backs of hands don't get affected by work, but if not given enough skin food and softened-water washing before bedtime they will become shiny and minutely lined.

Elbows, out for the summer, tell their tale of neglect, too. Especially for desk workers who too often make elbows take the weight of shoulders. Scrub elbows with a solution of peroxide and water, fifty-fifty, and then massage-in skin food. Elbows are so easy to forget. You seldom see them, but they speak behind your back.

Pressure

from your bloodstream. No tea, no coffee, no alcohol or tobacco for anyone with a high blood pressure. But plenty of fresh vegetables, raw and cooked, and fruits if possible. Fresh air is essential. There must be no exertion before or after a meal. It is needless to advise no red meat now, but fish is allowed and also eggs. In fact, a good general health food diet seems to cover the diet requirements. The bowels should be kept in perfect working regularity.

Low blood pressure is a rarer condition. It is due to fatigue, age and a lowered physical tone. Shock and collapse may cause it and certain states of toxæmia, or high fevers, such as diphtheria and scarlet fever. The patient generally feels fatigued, lacking in all energies, and inclined to feel the cold greatly. Resistance is low.

If the toxic condition is caused by some disease this must be treated, as in high blood pressure: otherwise rest, a good, nourishing diet and fresh air are what the doctor orders.

. . . YOUR HANDS

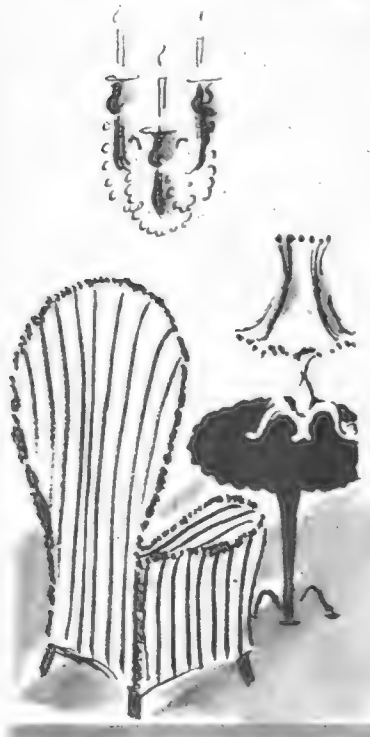
Health and Beauty

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford St., W.C.1

Spring Cleaning After Hours

Sitting-Room

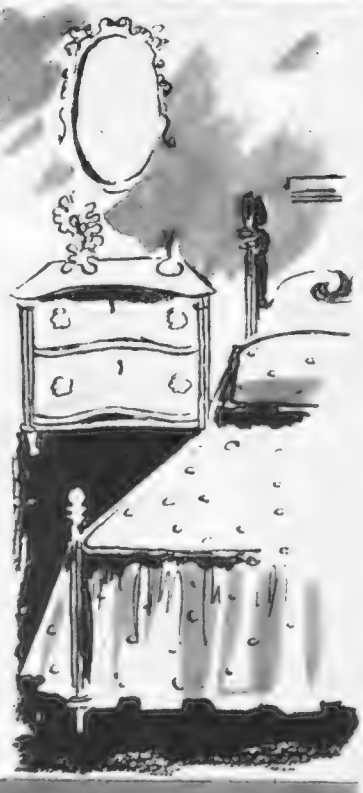


Tackling the sitting-room must be planned to avoid disorganisation as far as possible in the main room. As with the bedrooms, start on cupboards and drawers. Complete these in spare half-hours before the main attack begins. Put china and silver to soak in ammonia and soapy water from one evening to the next. Dry and polish it, and put it away in a cupboard ready to go back when the room is finished.

Furniture polishes are short, but mahogany can be washed over with vinegar and water or cold tea. Warm beer cleans oak, and walnut responds to a few drops of paraffin applied on a soft rag. Polish with clean cloth.

Quickest method of cleaning mirrors and plate-glass surfaces is with a cloth wrung out in paraffin. Rubbing afterwards with a dry cloth produces a brilliant gloss.

Bedroom



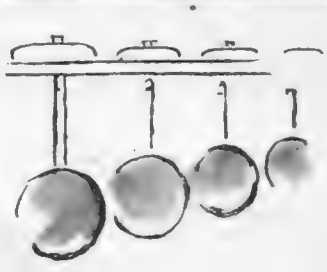
Give one evening to overhauling, polishing and cleaning etceteras. Clean and repair lampshades ; wash china in ammonia and hot water ; turn out drawers and cupboards and scrub the insides. Put the freshly-cleaned things neatly away to avoid clutter until the rest of the cleaning is done. On the first fine Saturday or Sunday take blankets, pillows and rugs out of doors. Shake them thoroughly and hang in the sun for a while. Send dirty blankets, mattress-covers and curtains to the laundry or cleaners room by room, as this takes time nowadays. When they come back and are ready for use again, another evening can be given to the main cleaning of walls and paintwork. When this is done, all the clean things are ready to be restored and the room can be put straight right away without any serious or lasting disorganisation. When one bedroom has been done, start on the next.

Bathroom and Landing

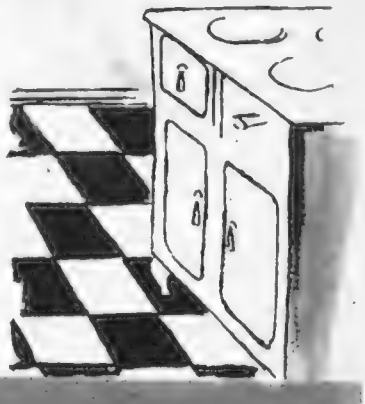
Before operations begin, overhaul brooms, brushes, dusters and polishing rags and collect other essential cleaning materials. Clean, efficient tools lighten the work and save time. One or two evenings will suffice to complete the bathroom, lavatory and landing. Clean dirty marks from wallpaper and distemper with gum rubber. Use ammonia and hot, soapy water to clean paintwork. Be patient about time and content to stretch things out. Spring cleaning is important, but getting overtired is not worth while in any estimate.

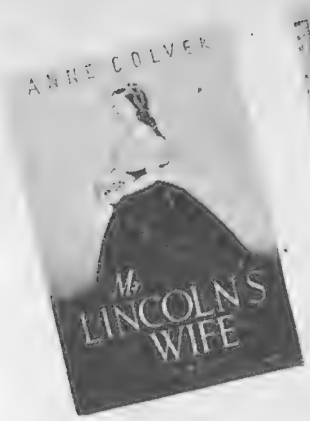
If a vacuum cleaner has been used regularly and thoroughly, lifting the stair-carpet can be skipped for this year. If it has to be taken up, replace it an inch or so higher or lower to save wear on the turn of each stair and again where the carpet-holders come.

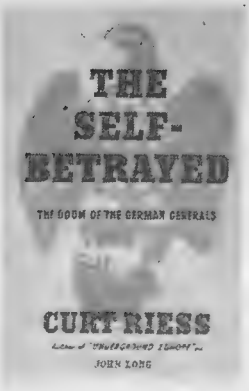
Kitchen and Scullery

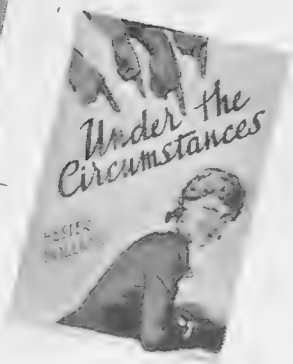


Do the kitchen in easy stages, beginning, as before, with cupboards and drawers, but this time each cupboard will probably occupy an evening to itself while the contents are sorted and cleaned. When turning out, harden your heart against hoarding, and give to salvage every scrap of fabric and metal and discarded rubber which you can do without. Another evening must be given up to cleaning the cooker. Take it apart and soak all removable parts in strong, hot soda water. Scrub them with a brush, dry and replace. Choose some spare time in daylight, if possible, for the heavy cleaning operations in the kitchen and scullery. Daylight helps in this sort of cleaning, and furniture can be taken out of doors. Parazone bleaching solution whitens stained and dirty whitewood tables and chairs.









Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

ALL I know about tanks from personal experience was gained when the Canadian Army here thought I'd look nice squirming through the hatch of the co-driver's seat, and took me for a ride in a Ram over some "blasted heath." I hated the noise, but appreciated the fascination of the monster for the keen young driver and crew. That pride in mechanism runs through Mr. Charles Graves's "**The Black Beret**" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), a "real-life novel" of training life in the Royal Armoured Corps, culminating in some real death work in North Africa. Following the technique of his "Thin Blue Line" R.A.F. chronicles, Mr. Graves takes five young Black Berets—a Charterhouse boy, golf professional, lorry driver, motor journalist, and factory worker—and tells their story vividly, intimately, with a mastery of technical detail. It is so absorbing it almost makes me yearn for another ride. . . .

MR. JAMES AGATE is a lucky man. He worships legendary actors he doesn't have to meet; considers Edmund Kean the greatest this country has ever known. And along comes Clement Scott's daughter with the offer of an 1811-1833 cuttings book about Kean, Macready, Talma, Cooke, Munden, Bannister, Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Kemble, evidently compiled from newspapers of the time by a barrister, James St. Aubyn. "These Were Actors" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Agate's selection; and since much of it is the work of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt our pleasure is assured.

EVER heard of Ost-Elbien? I suppose not. Yet we have to thank it for a lot; it is that part of Prussia east of the Elbe divided into vast estates of old, noble families who have produced Germany's generals for many generations. Mr. Curt Riess tells the inside story of these stiff-necks and their dealings with Hitler in "**The Self-Betrayed**" (Long, 12s. 6d.). Typical of them is icy, haughty von Bock: "He played at war as one plays at chess. Preserving the lives of his soldiers did not interest him in the least. He spent them more ruthlessly than any of his comrades. He had no mercy on others because he had no mercy on himself." Mr. Riess thinks they are doomed. "They who called Hitler will die through Hitler, as a caste, as men, as soldiers." But doubtless they will keep up the old tradition and, while their millions of dupes perish horribly far from kith and kin, at least die nobly in their beds. . . .

WHATEVER we decide to do for it in deeds hereafter, the Merchant Navy is certainly being well served in words. Commodore G. Purssey Phillips's "**The Dark Seas Remember**" (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.) is another earnest tribute to its daring and courage in many graphic episodes, written breezily by one who knows the sea and its sailors, and counts many of the skippers among his friends.

MR. A. LL. MATTHISON, the Birmingham paintmaker who wrote "Art, Paint and Vanity," has a sly humour. He calls his essays "**Nothing About Paint**" (Cornish Bros., 7s. 6d.) and proceeds to tell us quite a lot about it, from the blue of Giotto at Assisi to the red on women's mouths. He titles a chapter "Mainly About the Author" in order to tell us nothing about the author, though elsewhere we learn that once he played a tramp in rags at a village stage show and was accused by a bobby, on the way home, of "pinching that theer bike" because a practical joker had decamped with his proper clothes. Grave or gay, he reveals a rich, ripe, provocative mind.

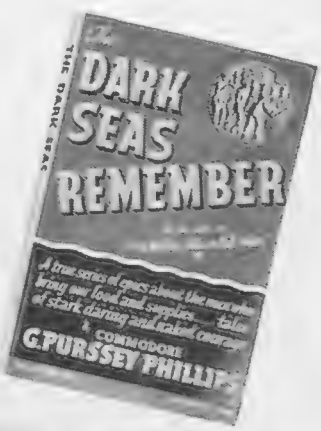
I NEVER thought to meet as jaunty a novel as "The Good Companions" in wartime, but Mr. Frank Tilsley's "**Pleasure Beach**" (Collins, 10s. 6d.), all about fun fair folk, is near it: a picaresque story of a young Wigan miner who goes to (*Continued on page* 52)

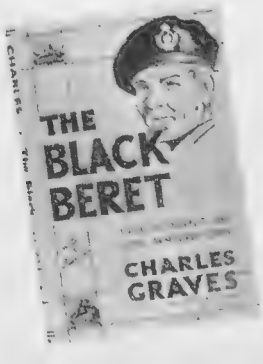
A GREAT COUNTRY

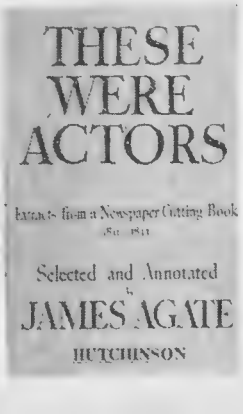
AS M.P., Government Minister, and trustee of the Kruger National Park, Colonel Deneys Reitz, High Commissioner for South Africa, has travelled, campaigned, hunted all over the Union, had engrossing experiences, made unusual contacts. "**No Out-Span**" (Faber, 15s.) is the record of his wander years, written with taste, gusto, and humour; I can imagine none better to interpret that great country to English readers.

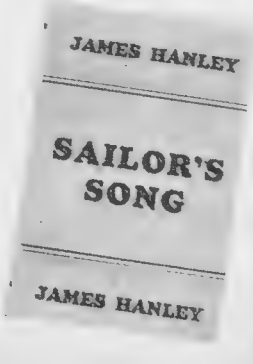
There are delightful stories of General Smuts, his lifelong friend. When Smuts was ambushed in the Boer War, a young British officer finding a Greek testament in his wallets, exclaimed: "I wonder why this Boer officer is learning Pitman's shorthand?" Smuts had a Basuto farm-hand whose correspondence was always addressed: "Rt. Hon. Mr. John Sapetla, Esq., care of J. C. Smuts." The general once summed up his opinion of the Nationalist Party with the story of a Pretoria asylum inmate who rang up its leader, Dr. Malan, during elections, saying: "Doctor, doctor, I just want to let you know all we lunatics over here are Nationalists."

A book of bush adventure, anecdote, political sense, and captivating charm.



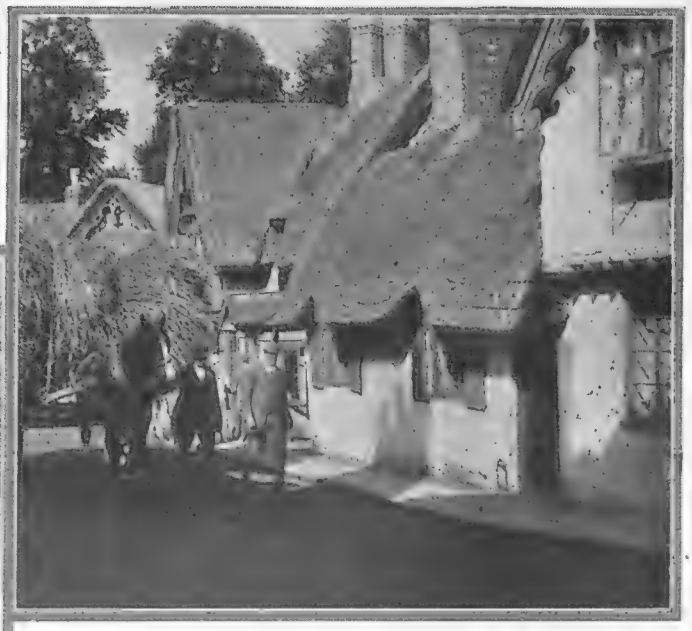






The Country Cottage

By C. Lovett Turner



Fine thatching in old Shanklin village, Isle of Wight. (On left) Some old thatched cottages at Great Tew, an interesting beautiful small village in North Oxon

THE attraction of a country cottage lies more in its association and environment than in reality—at least, that is the verdict of many who have trekked to the country from bomb-harassed towns. Wasps and beetles, the ubiquitous sparrow that chatters at dawn, and the things that go bump in the night, are only a few of its drawbacks.

In the country both wind and rain have their own way. There are no solid blocks of houses to break the force of the gale, or clean, tidy pavements to dry quickly after the storm has passed. Mud clings limpet-like to shoes until it feels the soothing touch of carpet when it sinks gratefully to rest.

Window seats cut in the solid wall are a delight to see, but do not atone for the damp that seeps through almost everywhere.

Cupboard space is non-existent, and sloping walls do not take kindly to wardrobes, for the perfect cottage is still to be discovered.

Yet, with slight alterations, these veteran homes could be made to equal, if not vie, with the small modern buildings of to-day. They are warm in winter and cool in summer. They are easy to work, for they were built for the needs of the family, and not for show and, with the serenity that comes with old age, they ignore the rush of modern life and let its harrying speed sink quietly into the background.

(On right) A pair of curious thatched cottages at Great Hampden, Bucks

One trembles for the fate of the charming little cottages when the threatened spate of post-war building becomes a reality. Shall we be faced with a multitude of small houses built of concrete and brick, their roofs striking a harsh outline against the ever-flowing beauty of hill and dale—an insult to the dignified trees that bend so confidingly to the passer-by? With easy transport and cottages designed by the hundred, will the different counties lose their individual characteristics; the lovely cob and thatch of the West Country, the sturdy stone of the Cotswolds and the no-nonsense-about-me look of the Yorkshire moorland farms? Will the magnificent black and white timber houses of the Midlands be lost amidst a horrific welter of man-made materials?

Few medieval cottages remain to-day. That the earliest were made of wattle and daub is fairly certain, their stability resting on the energy of the builder, often the one who had to live in them. It was not unusual for the bridegroom-elect to build his cottage during his betrothal, his lady-love helping to trample the mud into the right constituency. The floors were of beaten clay and road-sweepings, and there was only one communal room in which the family, fowls and cattle lived harmoniously together. Later a separate bower was added in which the family slept. There were no chimneys, the smoke wandering (*Continued on page* 52)

Stone tiled cottages and sunlit gables at Little Missenden, Bucks

Early timber-framed cottage with Bucks thatch at Lower Hartwell, near Aylesbury

Backyard Birds

FOR the large majority of homes, suburban or on the fringe of a large township, hens are the most popular and certainly the wisest choice. One hen, on an average, should provide you with 180 eggs a year. So do not scorn being poultry-keeper of a mere pair of birds—they will give you an egg a day all the year round between them, although you will have to preserve the eggs to get this spacing out.

Dealing with the smallest space first, it should be possible to keep a pair of hens on a back balcony in a modified battery system arrangement; each hen would be in a large box with the front wired, there would be a wire-meshed floor that the dropping could get through and then a removable tray under this.

In the backyard your birds are regulated by your space and your scrap supply and rations. But a few birds well fed are better than a dozen half starved.

If you can just manage four or five and are starting from scratch now, you had better buy grown birds, laying in their first year, because there is little fun feeding birds if there are no egg-providers in your backyard.

If you have had four or five birds for some time, lighten up on the older birds' feeding and try to get two or three pullets about six weeks old, as soon as possible, so that you will have young stock starting to lay in late autumn.

If you can get "chap" or tiny throw-out potatoes easily, buy your young birds in a mixed batch and fatten the young cockerels on potato. You will get the birds more cheaply by buying mixed, and you will find the cockerels excellent eating.

Buy your young birds at about six weeks, and make sure that you are getting good stock from reputable dealers. With the low stocks of poultry in the country, it is every one's duty to keep as high a grade of bird as possible, quite apart from the laying advantages. One of the favourite backyard breeds now is Light Sussex crossed Rhode Island Reds, a good all-round bird for laying, table and mothering.

In regard to feeding, the ration has to be eked out over the month, and all household scraps, except tea and coffee grounds and leeks and onions, are acceptable and tasty for the birds. Give them a little bit of pecking stuff —coarse dried breadcrumbs and outside cabbage leaves—early in the morning, a mash later, and a mash at night—keeping the mash dry. Of course, the hens will lay just as well if you can only manage two meals a day, but then you will have to make the early morning meal a big one. Oyster shell and limestone grit must be in a separate container within easy reach of the birds, whether they are in runs or permanently housed. Water must be fresh and always obtainable—containers that can be upset are useless. A meal should take the birds half an hour to eat; a small teacupful per bird is a good ration.

Ducks are only advisable if you have a large pond or a river that can be wired off, or a large grassy field. Ducks can get a lot of fun billing around grass, but they don't get much nourishment and they eat voraciously. Unless you have a very good supply of scraps, do not attempt to take on ducks, and you need a lot of ground, and a supply of straw for them to doss down on at night. They will make everything muddy and will complain loudly and longly, in cantankerous "Donald" tones, if they feel hungry and cannot find anything to worry at.

Apart from this, they are quite good fun and not so liable to sickness as hens are. Aylesbury ducks are the best for the table, while Khaki Campbells are the best if it is eggs you want.

If you have the ground for ducks and are after table birds, or a good Christmas dinner, why not hatch out a few goose eggs? These are best hatched early so that they grow while the fresh spring grasses are coming up. They make good eating in their light weights and make a magnificent meal if grown to full size. What is most important, they live almost entirely on grass and are about the only domestic bird that could survive on a field without scraps from the kitchen.

S. J.

Women Will Be Needed Here

Among the distressed populations of Europe there is work to be done, calling for those qualities which many women shiningly displayed at the time of our own suffering

By Winifred Lewis

ANY morning now the world may open its eyes to the big news that the Allied Nations have broken into the fortress of Europe. The great work of liberation will have begun.

This great operation will occupy a vast army of men whose task is to blast open the gates of freedom. Their work is grim and bloody and must, inevitably, bring more suffering, in order to bring peace.

So, behind this army must come another. This, too, is a fighting force, trained and equipped for war, but not this time for war against men. This fight is against suffering and chaos and the pestilence which stalks in the wake of battle.

This is work for women as well as for men, and the relief army which is now going into rehearsal sends out the call for help to those who are ready and competent and unafraid, to participate in this, the final and possibly the grimmest phase of the European war.

The Government has undertaken the care of the liberated peoples of the occupied territories, and it is through the medium of the voluntary societies of this country that this army of relief is being organized. The British Red Cross and St. John War Organization have a machine, already ticking over, prepared in readiness for action when the signal to start is given.

Inevitably, in such a case, plans are largely speculative. Who can say at this point exactly what lies ahead? Information from inside the enemy fortress is disjointed. It gives local pictures accurately enough, but no general overall conception of a situation which, in any case, is constantly changing and likely to change still more.

We know that suffering and want are rife in many places. What we do not know and cannot yet estimate is the general degree of this suffering, its exact condition and to what extent it may, inevitably, be increased by operations to come.

For this reason, the Red Cross and the other voluntary societies have to prepare for everything so as to be found wanting in nothing.

Recruiting goes on, but it is important to note that the policy underlying this work is to carry into the stricken countries an organization which will supplement, rather than supplant, the national structure; which will help the liberated peoples to help themselves and to bring as rapidly and efficiently as possible the wherewithal to start life afresh, under the stimulus of their own free will.

Volunteers for this work must, then, be competent to adapt themselves to a role which calls for leadership as distinguished from absolute control.

Social distinctions are non-existent in the army of relief. Already women and men have been enlisted from widely separated walks of life. Social qualifications are unimportant. Perfect health, the will to undertake hard work under arduous conditions, a sense of humour and a background of practical experience are more important.

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The practical qualifications cover a wide field. These include medical officers, trained nurses, dieticians, pharmacists and laboratory workers, catering and canteen managers, cooks, record keepers, transport drivers, radiographers, and interpreters.

Women trained in infant welfare work; nursery school teachers and others with day nursery experience are urgently needed for work among sick and orphaned children.

For all types of workers a basic training in first aid and home nursing is required. This is to be supplemented by further training courses in many subjects, covering general relief work, famine relief, epidemic, hygiene and sanitation.

Conditions of employment are variable as to pay. This is humanitarian work, not a career. Some who are able will serve without pay. Others will receive an honorarium of one pound a week. Needful cases will get more, according to circumstances, and allowances for dependent relatives will be made if required. All workers are provided with free kit.

For the present, employment is open only to women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. The age limit can be waived, however, in the case of older applicants with special qualifications.

The term of service is fixed at the minimum of one year. Recruits are asked to volunteer for service anywhere, but where the applicant can show proof of some special qualification for work in a specified area, favourable consideration will be given to the case.

1. As British forces occupy towns, British medical units find much to do among the civilian populations. A small Sicilian, injured during the occupation, is being attended by a British doctor.

2. Three refugee Italian boys who deserted from occupied territory present a typical relief problem to the sisters of an Italian convent.

3. Newly taken towns rely upon the administration of the incoming army. Townsfolk listening to the policy as laid down by the British regimental adjutant.

4. The Swiss National Red Cross have been performing noble service in acting host to great numbers of refugee children from the German occupied zones. These children have just come out of France.

5. Meat, flour and bread in the Axis countries have been repeatedly confiscated for the use of evacuating forces. A young Italian eats an army biscuit presented by a British Tommy.

6. Water famine is one of the great problems to be met when battling armies have moved on. In this Sicilian town, the water supply has been restored in part and children wait for their ration.

The Domestic Worker

THE nation needs domestic workers and it needs them badly. Work in civil and military hospitals, in nurseries and schools, and in some private households where a lack of help may interfere with the householder's vital war duties, is now recognized as national service of the first importance.

In fact, women are being directed into this priority war work by the Ministry of Labour, and an investigating committee has made recommendations for improved rates of pay and conditions of service. No woman can be directed into such work *unless* the conditions of employment are equivalent to those laid down.

Her lot has not been an enviable one

In fact, a vital step has been taken towards the time when the work of a domestic helper will be acknowledged as an honourable and properly remunerated form of employment.

It must be admitted that her lot has not been an enviable one. The servant problem, about which mistresses have been ever vocal, has found no solution, because none was possible while we were content to leave the domestic worker in a rut; a menial, without the elementary conditions of a fair and honourable status.

The Ministry of Labour has stressed the point emphatically that the war jobs concerned are, in many cases, planned to continue after the peace. From this beginning we can look forward to a time when a job in someone else's home can be one of interest and promise, carrying with it reasonable conditions of pay and freedom. This plan, when it fully materializes, promises to benefit the employer as much as the employee. A higher standard of efficiency must result from these better conditions of employment. A Domestic Workers' Union is not out of the question, and would establish specified standards of efficiency.

A higher standard of efficiency must inevitably result from these better conditions

Domestic service in this enlightened shape need offer no terrors and certainly provides the finest possible training for the wives and mothers of the nation. We have made a start in the right direction. It is up to women, now, to see that progress is maintained.

L. K.

Rush Hour In The Kitchen -

Left Overs

POTATO PUFFS

Peel and grate 2 lb. of potatoes; mix with 4 tablespoonfuls of flour and 2 dried eggs (not reconstituted). Drop tablespoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat and fry on both sides until brown. Serve immediately with or without grated cheese.

RICE RING

Bring to the boil 3 pints of salted vegetable stock or water; pour in 2 cupfuls of rice; stir once and let boil for 10 minutes. Have ready another 3 pints of boiling water (salted), and having strained the rice, pour this over to wash and prevent sticking. Put the rice back in the empty saucepan and beat in 3 oz. of margarine and 3 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Serve in a ring round any curried vegetable, meat, or fish left overs.

BROCCOLI SANDWICH

After putting 1 large broccoli on to boil in salted water, fry lightly 4 rashers of bacon. Remove the bacon, and add 1 tablespoonful of flour to the fat. Mix, and pour over 2 cupfuls of the water in which the vegetable is cooking. Add 2 meat cubes and stir until thick. When the broccoli is quite tender, strain, and cover the bottom of a deep dish with half, lay the pieces of bacon on top, and cover with the rest of the vegetable. Pour over the sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, and brown under the grill.

LEEKS AU GRATIN

Cut 8 large leeks in half lengthwise and wash well. Cook in a little salted water until tender. Drain well and keep the water for soup.

Put the leeks in a greased baking dish, season with salt and pepper, and cover with 6 level tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Put under the grill or in a hot oven to melt and brown the cheese.

SOUFFLÉ HOSTILITY

Reconstitute 3 dried eggs with milk instead of water; beat well, adding 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley and 3 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Grease a fireproof dish, and line it with any potato left overs. Cover with the soufflé mixture and bake in a low oven for 20 minutes.

LOST BREAD

Reconstitute 2 dried eggs; add a pinch of salt, pepper, and 1 dessertspoonful of grated cheese. Cut the stale bread to be used up into fingers, dip each one in the mixture, and fry them on both sides. Serve heaped in the centre of a dish surrounded by any vegetable or even mashed potatoes into which a little margarine has been beaten at the last minute.

ORANGE CREAM

(For those who have small children)

Rub each piece of 3 oz. of lump sugar against the outer side of orange peelings until the sugar is thoroughly coloured. Cover the lumps with 1 pint of milk (household) and bring to the boil. Proceed as for an ordinary custard. Let cool, and beat thoroughly before serving.

FAMILY SOUP

Wash, peel, and scrape ½ lb. of carrots and ½ lb. of leeks. Cover half the quantity of each vegetable with 3 pints of water or vegetable stock if available. Add the bone from your leg of mutton, ½ lb. of peeled potatoes and 1 tablespoonful of chopped mixed herbs. Let simmer for 2 hours. Strain, add any odd pieces of meat that have remained on the bone, 4 onions cut in half, ½ lb. of potatoes, the remaining carrots and leeks cut into pieces, and 1 tablespoonful of pearl barley. Cook for 1 more hour or until the vegetables are soft, season to taste and serve without straining.

BITS AND PIECES SALAD

Collect all the odd scraps of vegetables left over—it doesn't matter if they are a day or two old and look a bit tired—and cut them into small pieces. Add 1 cooked sliced beetroot, 1 raw chopped turnip, and mix well with ½ cupful of salad cream. Arrange on a dish surrounded by raw cauliflower flowerettes and covered with uncooked onion rings cut very fine.

BACON RIND TURNOVERS

Make a pastry by rubbing 2 oz. of lard in 4 oz. of flour and adding 1 reconstituted dried egg. Knead well and roll out three times. Chop the rind collected from the week's bacon ration, and fry it until nice and crisp, add any cooked vegetables you have (haricot beans are the best) so as to fill 4 tablespoons. Cut the pastry into squares, fill each square with a dessertspoonful of the mixture, fold over, and press the edges firmly together with wet fingers. Fry on both sides in 2 oz. of lard until brown. This makes a good savoury.

QUICKLY PREPARED FOOD, QUICKLY COOKED, NOURISHING AND APPETISING

By Harriet Muir

If preferred, the leeks may be covered with a white sauce before sprinkling thickly with the cheese.

ZABAGLIANE

Allow 2 dried eggs per person. Reconstitute them with milk instead of water, add 1 teaspoonful of sugar to each egg, put the mixture in a bowl and the bowl in a saucepan half full of gently boiling water. Whisk the eggs for 5 minutes, when they should begin to thicken, then add 4 drops of rum essence and 3 of orange for each egg. Serve immediately in custard glasses.

This is a wartime adaptation of a very well-known Italian sweet which is ordinarily made with real egg yolks and Marsala.

MEAT FLATS

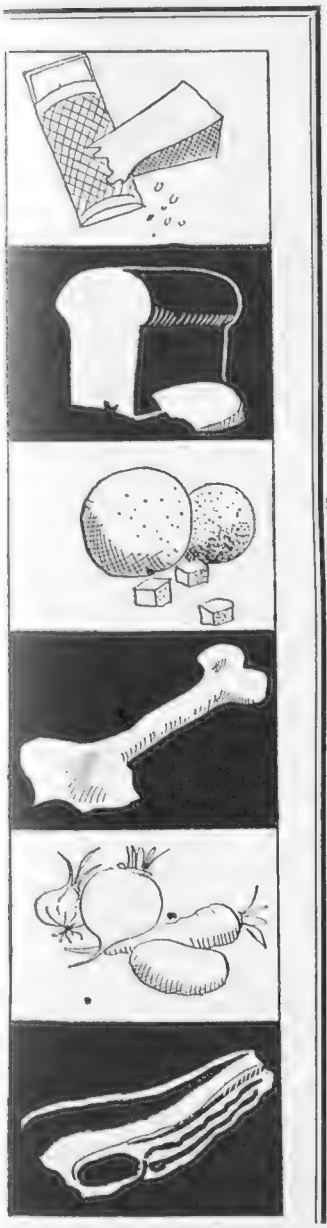
Allow 1 thin slice of beef off the joint per person, and roll each in flour. Next, dip in milk and cover liberally with breadcrumbs. Fry for 3 minutes on each side and serve with boiled potatoes, and a gravy made of the fat to which has been added ½ cupful of water and 1 meat cube.

MACARONI SAN VITTORE

Bring to the boil 4 pints of salted vegetable stock and drop in 1 lb. of macaroni; let boil for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, in 3 oz. of fat, fry 2 large sliced onions or 3 sliced leeks. Add 1½ tablespoonfuls of flour, and when absorbed, 3 cupfuls of strong meat (cubes) stock. Stir well until thick, then strain the macaroni and mix into the sauce. Serve immediately.

ANCHOVY SALAD

Boil in plenty of salted water 1 cupful of rice. Meanwhile, bring to the boil 8 tablespoonfuls of water and throw in 4 tablespoonfuls of dried egg. Remove when the water is absorbed. Chop enough anchovies, or salted herring, to fill half a cup, and when the rice is cooked, strain, wash in cold water, and mix it with the egg, anchovies, and, if available, a small tin of tomatoes or pimento.



CREAMED FISH

After having removed the hard centre, chop and boil 1 medium-sized cabbage. Put 1 lb. of any available fish in cold water and bring to the boil. Make a white sauce with 2 oz. of margarine, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and 3 cupfuls of milk. Season with salt, pepper, and a dessertspoonful of paprika. Strain off the fish, skin bone, and mash with a wooden spoon. Strain the cabbage thoroughly, mix with the fish and sauce and reheat in the oven. Grated cheese may be added if liked.

When Offal Is On

LIVER VISCOUNT

Braise 6 oz. of liver in margarine, then pound it up and mix with a little white sauce, a tablespoonful of grated cheese and a dust of cayenne. Spread the mixture rather thickly over small squares of toast and keep them hot while you make a sauce with ½ oz. of margarine, a reconstituted dried egg, well beaten up, and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Stir it over the fire till thick and then pour it over the hot toast. Serve very hot. This makes an excellent savoury or even a main dish for a light meal.

GRILLED SWEETBREADS

Blanch as many sweetbreads as you require, and roll them in breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese, salt, and pepper; wrap each one in greased greaseproof paper and grill them. When they are cooked, take off the paper and serve with a rich brown sauce into which a raw onion has been grated at the last minute.

KIDNEY PILAF

Boil 1 kidney per person, until tender, in vegetable stock. Meanwhile, fry in 2 oz. of margarine 1 chopped onion; add 1 tablespoonful of flour and let the whole brown slightly. Then add 1½ cupfuls of the stock. Mix well until thick, salt to taste, and add the kidneys, thinly sliced. In 2 cupfuls of the stock, boil 1 cupful of rice until all the liquid is absorbed. Mix with the kidney sauce and serve with grated cheese handed separately.

COLLEGE SAVOURY

Blanch some brains and boil in salted water for about 20 minutes. Strain, let cool and mash with a fork; add quarter of its quantity of creamed margarine. Work well together, adding pepper and salt to taste. Fill small boatshapes of pastry with the mixture. This dish is equally good cold as hotted up under the grill or in the oven.

TURKISH FAVOURITE

Boil 1 large broccoli, strain, and remove the centre stalk. While the vegetable is cooking, fry 1 chopped onion and mix with 6 oz. of minced liver; add salt and pepper, and leave on the fire for 10 minutes. Then add 1 reconstituted dried egg. Grease a fireproof dish and arrange layers of cauliflower and liver; cover with breadcrumbs and sprinkle with 1 tablespoonful of melted margarine. Leave in a medium oven for 20 minutes.

* * *

If you want a really useful war recipe book to keep by you, get a copy of "Cooking To-day the Regulo Way" (published by Radiation Ltd. at ninepence). It embodies 227 of the most recent recipes approved by the Ministry of Food, which are not only good but have the added merit of using only a bare minimum of materials for which shipping space is required.

CHILDREN of TOMORROW

By Louisa Kay

BRINGING up children tailored for the new world is a pretty big order. Above all, it calls for a clear conception of the qualities which will be required of them before one can map out a plan of action.

It is not easy to visualize the future as it exists for our children. Estimates must necessarily be founded, to a great extent, upon supposition. We cannot know exactly what lies ahead but we know what we are aiming for, so our own confidence in the future must control policy.

A mental and physical equipment equal to the demands of the promising but exacting and highly competitive future, must be founded in infancy. A sound body and a keen, discerning intellect are only made possible through years of careful nurturing.

The chances of good health have never been so promising for the young. Baby welfare, as we have come to understand the term, is not now a fashionable cult. It is the basis upon which the health and stamina of our future society depends.

From the day of birth, the intelligent mother studies the diet of her child with painstaking accuracy. She knows that the right quantity of food; a diet evenly balanced and scientifically shaped to include all the essential components is the secret of normal growth, healthy development and the beauty which is inherent in a healthily functioning body. Added to this care for food principles is a keenness to see that the child has an adequate amount of sleep and outdoor exercise, and that his relaxation should supplement the good work of healthy mental and physical development.

The development of mind and body are more closely linked than we realize. Backwardness in the mental sense is frequently traceable to some physical defect. The physically healthy child is the more likely to be mentally alert. His physical development can, in these days of enlightenment, be easily cared for. The State will see to this even if parents should be backward in their duty.

But training the mind and moulding the character is an intimate problem between the child and his parents. School enters into it, of course, but only as a supplement to home influence.

One of the more difficult tasks of parenthood is that of encouraging the development of character without destroying precious individuality. It calls for understanding and tolerance as well as the firm hand which knows how to relax.

Self-discipline and self-control must be features of a child's earliest training. How else is he to become a useful, competent and self-reliant member of the community? Again, the child of the future must have confidence in himself and in his ability to make good in a highly competitive sphere. Education will give this confidence in some measure. The rest depends upon a home environment and a sympathetic upbringing which progressively encourages a belief in himself without an exaggerated conception of his talents.

Educationally, the outlook is bright. Every boy and girl of the future is promised a sound junior and secondary education. Higher schooling awaits those who are ambitious and willing to work.

The rest is with us, the parents, whose work it is to rear children who can think; who are conscious of the world about them and the responsibilities which are inherent in citizenship. Let your children grow up in the understanding that the happiness and success of the individual is one and indivisible with that of the society in which he lives.

If we encourage our children to read intelligently, to be informed about the daily affairs of the world at large, we shall be rewarded with competent, alert and responsible sons and daughters. You can't shut your child up in a world without lighter interests, but you can draw the line at too much frivolous and unprofitable relaxation.

A twice-weekly visit to the pictures has nothing in reason to support it. It merely shows an inability to make the best use of the most precious years of development. Sports and games and social activities are a vital part of the healthy daily routine for every child, but the parent who has the good sense to encourage other intellectual interests—whatever his own tastes may be—is the one who can claim to have turned out a young citizen worthy of the opportunities to come.

The fire has been mended, the hearth is swept, and though the lamp is lit the curtains are not yet drawn, for the world is at peace again, with nothing to fear from the dark.

Into the quiet of this pleasant room there comes the tinkle of tea-cups, faintly, as if to accompany the friendly shadows which dance around the walls. Tic-toc, tea-time! tic-toc, tea-time and the clock prattles on.

How lovely Grandmama's silver service looks after all these years; how it gleams and twinkles in the flickering firelight—a kindly light which mantles the snowy tea-cloth with a rosy glow! Look at that portly scuttle, how he squats beside the fire, beaming all over his cheerful face—thanks to Brasso—as if he owned the place!

Yes, it is the little things that transform a simple house into a gracious home: a tea-cloth lustrous white—snowy white as only Reckitt's Blue can make it; the gleam and glint of those treasured silver pieces, radiant with pride in the polish that Silvo gave them; the grate, too, as though of polished jet, tells a tale of Zebo.

Even to-day these good companions of the cheerful home are at your service, though in that brave new world to which we look forward they will be more freely available.

Upon Reflection

Here is beauty more than skin deep . . . . .

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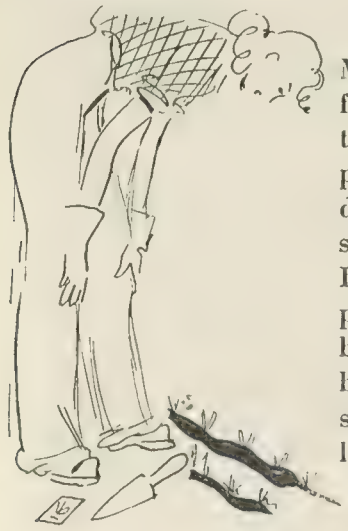
This Month In The Garden



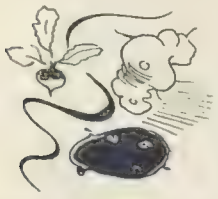
March winds dry the soil to perfect condition for sowing. Wait till surface soil is a fine dry tilth. Sow on a sunny day and leave drills exposed to sun for an hour or so first. Make drills of a depth double the width of seeds to be sown. Sow carrots and radishes very shallow. Inter-cropping saves space. For instance, parsnip seed germinates slowly, so sow radish between. Sow spinach between rows of peas, brussels sprouts and calabrese. Look out for slugs attacking early lettuces. As lines of seedlings appear hoe between to keep down weeds

Peas and Beans. PEAS. Sow a first early in drill 1 in. to 2 in. deep. Space seeds at least 2 in. apart. Cotton the rows before seedlings appear to protect from birds. *Varieties recommended:* Kelvedon Wonder; Marrowfat, reliable and very early; Lincoln, very early and prolific and dried seeds invaluable for soups and stews. 1 pint for 50-ft. row.

BEANS. Sow Longpods or Windsors, former best for early crop. Sow seeds 2 in. deep and 4 in. apart for single rows; 9 in. apart in double rows (the lines in double rows being 6 in. apart). *Varieties recommended:* Bunyard's Exhibition; Nuttings Peerless; Aquadulce (very quick growing). 1 pint for 75-ft. row. Soak peas and beans overnight in cold water to secure quick germination. Roll pea seeds in red lead and paraffin for protection against mice.

Root Vegetables. JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES. Plant tubers 6 in. deep, 3 ft. apart. Topped at 4 ft. plants make a good screen. *Varieties recommended:* White variety. 7 lb. for 50-ft. row.

CARROTS. Sow early kinds with stump roots. Drills $\frac{1}{8}$ in. deep and 1 ft. apart. Thin to 4 in. apart. *Variety recommended:* Supreme.



PARSNIPS. Sow in drills $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep, putting in a pinch of seed every 9 in., drills 18 in. apart. *Varieties recommended:* Offenham, The Student, Hollow Crown. $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for 50-ft. row.

POTATOES. Plant first earlies on sheltered border middle of month. Put in tubers 6 in. deep in drills 18 in. apart. Use trowel, not dibber. *Varieties recommended:* Arran Crest, Sharpe's Express, May Queen. 7 lb. for 50-ft. row.

RADISHES. Sow broadcast or in lines 6 in. apart. Barely cover seed with soil. *Varieties recommended:* Sparkler, French Breakfast. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. for 50-ft. row.

Greens. BRUSSELS SPROUTS. Sow in drill $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep; very thinly to secure sturdy plants. Cotton row for protection against birds. $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. for 50-ft. row. *Varieties recommended:* Dwarf Gem, for those who like small sweet-flavoured sprouts; Wroxton or Darlington, for large sprouts.

CAULIFLOWERS. Sow under glass in box. Do not plant out until May. *Varieties recommended:* Snowball or Early London. $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. for 50-ft. row.

CALABRESE. A delicious broccoli seldom grown. Produces green cauliflower-like heads, succeeded by tender flowering shoots with stalks of asparagus flavour. Sow in open. Plant out 2 ft. apart.

Other greens may be sown now, but unless wanted very early best to sow in mid-April.

Saladings. LETTUCES. Sow in drills $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep in rich soil, 1 ft. between drills. Cotton rows for protection against birds. *Varieties recommended:* Buttle Ice, immense cabbage-like heads and very tender; Webb's Wonderful; Grand Rapids, forms no hearts, and leaves can be picked as required; produces continuously throughout season.

CORN SALAD. Sow in drills 1 ft. apart, putting in seed $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep. $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for 50-ft. row.

MUSTARD AND CRESS. Sow broadcast in open, sowing cress two days earlier than mustard as it grows more slowly.

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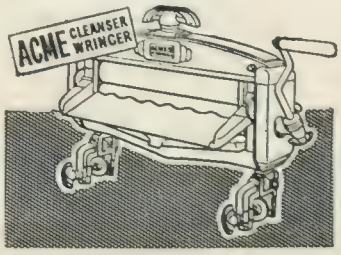

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Ht. 4(iii)

Books :

(*Continued from page 41*)

Northpool on holiday, has his pocket picked, and finds more riches in life than down the old pit—including love-interest Sally; a perfect relief from war gloom, well characterized, brilliantly written.

NOVEL readers often tell me: "I like the family chronicle kind of story, about real people." "Mr. Lincoln's Wife" (Harrap, 9s. 6d.), by Miss Anne Colver, is about an exceptionally interesting family—the immortal Abe's—up to the climax of his assassination in the Washington theatre. Mrs. Lincoln had her problems, for she was a Southerner with three brothers fighting and dying for the Confederacy; her own people called her traitor, the Yanks a spy. The author makes a satisfying study of the Lincoln *ménage*.

Another family story is Mr. Peter Irving's "Folly Ripe" (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.). General Sir Edward Cheriton, old campaigner, has served his country for fifty years, lost an only son in the last war, and settled on the family estate in Surrey with his daughter-in-law and her three children. Loneliness threatens him when she feels that they have grown beyond her, life has become hollow, and the only cure is to go travelling alone. About such homely situations revolves a story enjoyable for its characterization, notably of grandpa and the juniors.

Family, too, is the background of Miss Noel Streatfeild's "Myra Carrol" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), and it has an ingenious structure. How many times have we thought there was a story in cast-off things and the memories they awaken? Myra, married, with three children, turns over the lumber in an old barn to find something for war nurseries and what not, and relives the past hidden under the patina of dust on forgotten things—a toy, doll, aged trunk, piece of furniture. Women have a passion for raking over old things, old memories; here is a story in a hundred for them!

WOULD you expect that a quiet, humdrum governess who teaches the children of a titled woman could be haunted by a murder at—of all places—the Pyramids? Marion Smith was on a brief holiday in Cairo, she wanted love, met a seductive Egyptian. A nurse found out, and threatened to tell her employer. . . . The manner in which this romantic lapse dogs her life with tragedy affords the thrills in Miss Hester Holland's "Under the Circumstances" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.), a drama of a sex-starved, timidly respectable woman.

INTUITIVE, experimental, as different as possible from these straight stories is Mr. James Hanley's "Sailor's Song" (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.), which dramatizes the delirium of a sailor whose ship has been sunk, marooned on a raft with three shipmates. The son of a sailor drowned at sea, he signed on as trimmer, married Sheila—who hated his going away, especially after Michael was born—finished the last war in the *Eagle*, then had to weather the lean years of laid-up ships, derelict crews, and now: war and service again. So much we gather from a medley of narrative, dream symbolism and allegory, written with white-hot sincerity and complete disregard of conventional style.

READERS of BRITANNIA AND EVE who enjoyed Mr. F. Matania's admirable series on Columbus can extend their pleasure in a handsome volume, "Christopher Columbus: Admiral of the Ocean Sea" (Oxford University Press, 21s.), by the Harvard historian, Samuel Eliot Morison—a masterly study of the Four Voyages and the kind of seaman he was. Armchair navigation did not satisfy Mr. Morison; he helped to organize an expedition which acquired and fitted out the barkentine *Capitana*, "near enough to Columbus's larger ships in rig and burthen to enable us to cross the ocean under conditions very similar to those of his day, and to view islands and coasts as through his eyes." A colleague also contributed a forty-five-foot ketch to the venture, and checks were made on the great voyager's observations of weather, birds, gulfweed, landfalls, and other important factors.

One expedition followed approximately the latitude of his first homeward passage to the Azores, and his First Voyage to Lisbon, Cape St. Vincent and Palos, thence by way of Sanlúcar and Cadiz to Porto Santo, Madeira and the Canaries, all associated with him. Their ocean crossing from Gomera to Trinidad was roughly on the route of his Third Voyage, and they made exactly the same landfall in 1939 as he did in 1498. Everywhere they could, they followed in Columbus's wake, and this gives outdoor actuality to an historic study. Of his seamanship Mr. Morison writes: "The ease with which he dissipated the unknown terrors of the ocean, the skill with which he found his way out and home, again and again, led thousands of men from every Western European nation into maritime adventure and exploration." The voyages are mapped in charts and diagrams involving immense labour and research.

JUNIORS need little introduction to Miss Virginia Pye and her Price family. "Half Term Holiday" (Faber, 6s.) depicts them at school in wartime and plunging into breathless adventures against spies in Somerset who are out to wreck power stations and factories and dope petrol dumps. It is illustrated with witty, admirable pen-sketches by Mr. Richard Kennedy.

END

The Country Cottage

(*Continued from page 42*)

aimlessly about until it found an exit through the window or door. Little wonder that Chaucer wrote of the poor widow: "Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall, in which she ate many a slender meal." The windows—or wind-holes—might be covered with cloth or canvas, or, in Tudor days, with linen soaked in oil. Glass was a luxury, and even the rich man carried his windows with him when he went from one of his houses to another.

It was long before an upstairs room was built in the cottage or small house, and then it was usually reached by steps from the outside. A charming effect was caused by the upstairs rooms being built on the overhanging joists of the ceiling below which, besides keeping the lower walls dry, added to its space and steadied the floor.

As no householder, even to-day, ever has enough room for his bits and pieces, lean-tos grew against his walls at all angles. A scullery would be added against the kitchen, or a shed at the side; a parlour when the family fortunes increased, or a porch to keep out the wind and unwelcome visitors. When rooms were added at both sides of the main building they formed the letter E, coinciding with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and often thought to have been a deliberate compliment to our virgin queen.

Medieval cottages never faced the road, but humbly hid their faces from the passer-by. The more important houses possessed a hall in which the family had their meals and the servants slept. This was screened from the kitchen and its minor offices: the buttery, larder, dairy and brewhouse. When, through the front door, glimpses may be had of the garden through the opposite door, it is fairly certain that the house was built before the sixteenth century.

Bedrooms wandered unashamedly through one another, and the only privacy was obtained by the large tester beds that modestly hid the early-to-bed from the eyes of the late-comer. Sanitary arrangements were practically non-existent, and water was a luxury resulting from hard labour at the well or pump. Little wonder our ancestors thought a daily bath madness, and sweet-smelling herbs and bouquets took the place of a woman's handbag of to-day.

END

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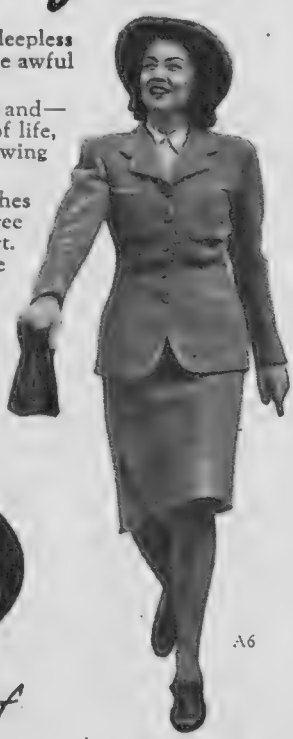

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A6

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"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
"Vita-Weat's playing 'hide and seek'"

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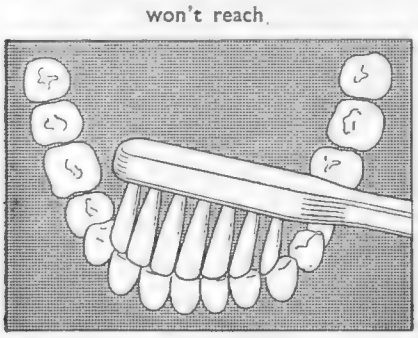

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T.14

Don'ts For Diplomats

(Continued from page 16)

diplomats hesitated to talk freely to foreign newspaper men—even in their own hotel bedrooms—for fear there might be a dictaphone in the wall. The sense of strain became, after a time, almost intolerable. And no one who has lived under that form of rule will want it for very long. Nor, I believe, will even the Soviet Russians—when they feel they can afford to slacken the tautness of their rule.

You must be able to air your mind—if you want to live a sane, healthy and happy life. You'll get mental constipation, if you don't. And, whatever any one else may care to say against the "democracies" of Britain and the U.S.A., neither your Parliament nor our Congress can be accused of suffering from that ailment. On the contrary. . . . Perhaps you will have to have lived in a country where you are deprived of the right to free speech before you are really able to appreciate the luxury of it. But those of us who have lived and worked under the three forms of dictatorship named above know full well what a sheer agony it can be—*not to have it.*

And that brings me to my point. In war even the people of the "democracies" have surrendered many rights—even to that of carefully guarding their speech—in order to make their countries strong to fight the war. After the war we will want those rights returned, with even greater rights. That, don't mistake it, is what the bulk of the Forces are fighting for. And who are the "democracies"? There remain to-day only two major ones: Britain and the United States.

France has gone, as Smuts has stated, for a long time to come. France may never become a great nation again within this, or even the next, generation. The three Scandinavian countries are incontestably democracies—in fact civilization, prior to this war, had reached its highest state under capitalism in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—but, despite their moral example, they are too small to have much weight in the shaping of future world events. Holland and Belgium likewise. Yet these five small European States might in time come to form a cultural coalition with Britain—a form of West European *bloc,* upholding the democratic ideal, in world affairs. That seems not only possible, but very probable. Russia and China are not democracies, not in our sense of the word. This despite all the good things that can be shown, in Soviet Russia, to raise the general level of mankind and do away with the under-privileged. Or even the immense wave of human betterment that is about to surge through China's teeming millions.

There remain now, as chiefly to be considered, the States of East, Central, and South-Eastern Europe. And it is just here, and nowhere else, that the future of democracy is going to meet its crucial test. For what is happening? Not one of these countries but was under some form of a dictatorship when this war began. A few of them, numbered as among our Allies, now have what is known as their governments-in-exile, established either in Cairo or in London. Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece. It is the effort of the members of these governments-in-exile to make it appear that they are the true representatives of their Nazi-occupied populations. That is quite understandable. But the facts do not substantiate such claims. Greece, torn by a civil war between its own patriots, has actually sent a delegation from one side of that internecine war to beg King George in Cairo not to return to Greece until after a post-war plebiscite has been held. They did not get that promise, they did not get even a place in King George's Cairo Government.

In Yugoslavia the fighting has been intense and merciless between the two forces of patriots known as "Chetniks" and "Partisans," literally the Serbs and Croats, carrying on their age-old quarrel. It is significant to point out that this kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is literally a little federation in itself—quite unable to be a federation—and that this living rebuke should be an answer to those small States' politicians-in-exile who hope—by the proposal of a Central European Federation—to secure themselves in their own positions in the future political make-up of these now occupied countries.

The Polish government-in-exile has been particularly fanatic in pushing this federation idea. And it is here that Soviet Russia has raised an objecting hand. A hand, be it noted, that has killed such a federation stone dead. Soviet Russia, as I have just pointed out, is not a democracy. Yet Stalin's action, for that is what it is, is a stand for democracy, if . . . It is just that "if" where I believe the actual challenge to democracy will be met. For Stalin has declared that Soviet Russia will have nothing to do with a federation that will be formed from these smaller States *during the war.* The Russians declare that these "*emigré* governments," as they call them, are not representative of their own populations. Therefore what must happen is that the people of these smaller countries must be left free to make their own choice of government—after they have been freed from the Nazi yoke. This is only another way of saying that Soviet Russia does not recognize the governments-in-exile of Poland, Greece, and Yugoslavia.

This does not necessarily mean that the Soviet Russians are intending to use their immense post-war power to try and reshape Europe in defiance of British, or Anglo-American, wishes and best interests. I believe that it is already accepted as *fait accompli* among realists in the British Foreign Office, and at Washington, that Russia's *special* interests in Central and South-Eastern Europe will be recognized. I further believe that what the most astute British and American diplomats are working for now is something that the Soviet Russians themselves cannot object to. Although I am certain that these particular Anglo-American *realistic* diplomats are going to have a running battle with the diplomats of all the small States to bring it about.

That is, that "democracy"—the real thing itself—shall be returned to its *sources of origin* in Europe. This can be done, during a supervisory interregnum period, when, as its internal affairs settle down, country after country in Europe can be given the opportunity—and the obligation—to hold a free vote as to just what form of government its people wish to have lead them. This would be fulfilling the Atlantic Charter right up to the very hilt. And to have the ground free for this vote there must be no form of wartime federations fastened on these small States, no government-in-exile brought back to rule—under the ægis of Allied bayonets.

And here the future of real European democracy is put back into Anglo-American laps. If *we* mean what *we* say, we British and Americans, then some such free choice of government might be given to the small States of Europe. If we, by the time this war is ended, show that our democracy—the British and the American—has something real and living to offer—then we need not fear the Russification of Europe, which the vast body of Russophobes in our midst are always holding up as a bogy before us. If we hold back our own old school-tie diplomats—and refuse to let them play the age-old European game—then there is a good chance that a real wave of democracy might sweep over Europe.

Don't let the diplomats ruin what the Forces have been fighting for.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Thank goodness I always bought

'Viyella' Regd.

Service Shirts

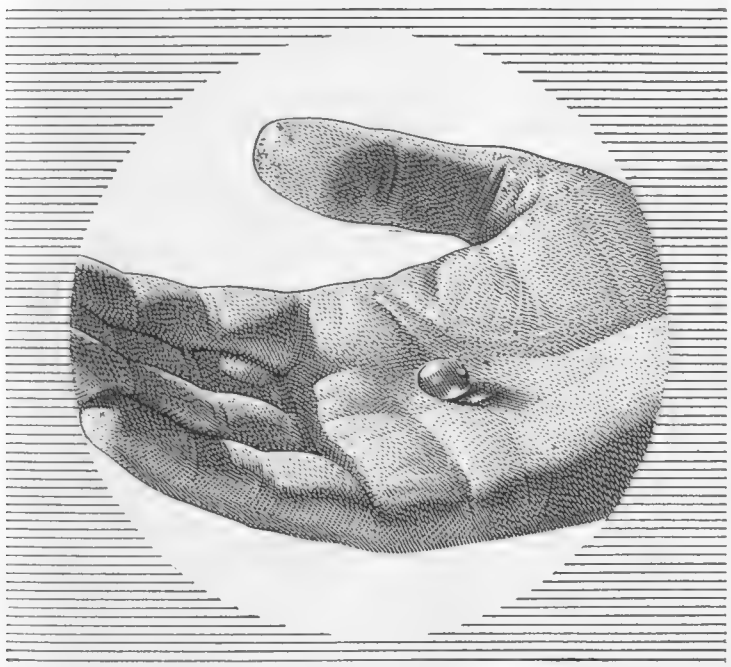
Cool when it's hot

— Warm when it's not

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY & NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Always paint-fresh, supremely washable and wonderfully hard-wearing, 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' Shirts are by far the best buy for the Service Woman. In Regulation khaki, Air Force Blue and white.

W 4



AN ESSENTIAL OF WARTIME DIET

STORED IN this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health. They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable in a wartime diet.

A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil—one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins—will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value during this fifth winter of war.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 · Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

C1

Pomeroy still serves Beauty

For she was beautiful:
her beauty made
The bright world dim,
and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting
image of a shade

SHELLEY

The loveliness of Edwardian women was world-famous Pomeroy served beauty then as it does today.

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS ★ 174 New Bond St., W.1

Pomeroy Skin Food · Pomeroy Day Cream · Pomeroy Beauty Milk
Pomeroy Lipstick · Pomeroy Cleansing Cream · Pomeroy Powder

Prices from 2/10 to 16/6 * *Inclusive of Purchase Tax*

Join up for the

PAROZONE SPRING OFFENSIVE

Once again the heralds of tree and hedgerow are singing of brighter, fresher days, and finding an answering chord in the hearts of thousands of housewives throughout the land. The great spring offensive against winter's drabness is gathering momentum, and everywhere enemy strongholds are yielding to that most effective of all household weapons—Parozone. Porcelain and tiles will gleam anew, and spotless sinks and basins, immaculate plain white woodwork, snow-white linens and cottons, and sparkling dressing-table crystal and glass will be the reward of your Parozone Spring Offensive.

FOR MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately, or within five minutes. Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

Drains and lavatories, vital salients where germs might linger, are sterilised and freshened with Parozone.

PAROZONE

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

Head Office: Glasgow. Also at London and Nottingham.

Peggy Sage regrets

. . . that she can no longer make or sell her famous nail polishes, because many of their ingredients are needed for sterner tasks. When the war is won, Peggy Sage polishes will, of course, be once more available. In the meantime there are limited supplies of Peggy Sage

Paste Polish * Cuticle Remover * Cuticle Oil
Cuticle Cream * Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream
Hand Smoother and Softener * Hand Mask
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and the Salon remains open to solve the wartime manicure problems of its many clients.

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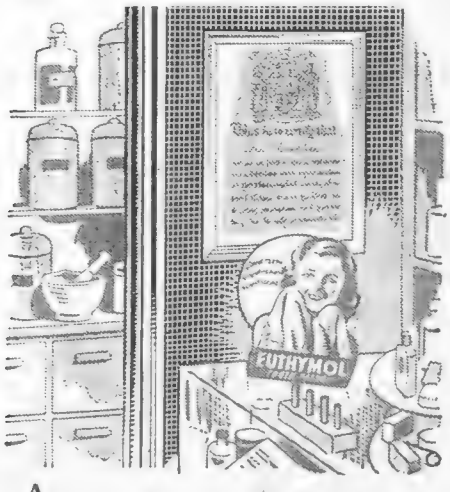

A certificate hangs in the shop of your chemist. It shows that he is a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society and is awarded only after a long apprenticeship and the passing of rigid examinations. It is evidence of his wide knowledge of dispensing, chemistry, botany, poisons and many other subjects connected with modern pharmacy. The chemist is a vital part of the country's health organization. His skill and knowledge are at your disposal and justify your confidence.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

Liberty Boat

(*Continued from page* 19)

became the more vehemently did they work and the faster sped the ship.

"The Britisher's in a hell of a hurry," remarked the senior officer—aboard the leading D.E., as he watched the ship draw away to starboard.

"Yes, sir. Can't blame 'em though, due for a refit, sir, expect they want to get this job over and done with."

So did they all and soon the flotilla had scattered, each ship to her appointed station—and the hunt was on. Overhead a pair of medium bombers appeared and then quickly vanished again.

"Ye know," said the senior officer, thoughtfully, "those fellers really look like business. I've a feelin' we'll hear from them before very long."

Nor was it long either, for in the late afternoon, as the lowering sky threatened an earlier darkness than usual a signal flashed in from one of the planes—a signal which, though they knew not the exact terms of it, set the crew of the D.E. and all her consorts fairly on their toes. And the ships themselves seemed to tremble in expectancy as each steamed a little faster than her top speed towards the area indicated from the sky. And though the vessels soon lost each other to sight in the darkness, each held her appointed course and drew unerringly her thread through the net now closing round the enemy; and now depth charges were set, and guns' crews closed up, and speed was slowly reduced ready for the attack, and a thousand men were waiting—waiting and watching—and wishing. No noise but the vibration of engines and the hiss of water—and then suddenly, exultantly—Contact! For the Fates in accordance with naval tradition had given the first taste of the enemy to the senior officer.

The fight was on. A long fight. A hard fight. But contact had been made. There could be no letting go. For hour after hour the sea was criss-crossed with white wakes from swirling screws, patterned with cascades of foam from bursting depth charges, churned into boiling eddies by heeling hulls. It seemed as if the chase was endless. And then, at last, in the pale light of the setting moon, a long, black, cone-like shape rose slanting from the sea, hung for a moment, and then slid back into silence. The first kill!

A lull. Ships resharpen their weapons, increase speed, fan out again, lose each other in the gloom once more. The senior officer paced his bridge well pleased, but a little puzzled.

"Funny thing," he remarked to his signal officer, "but where's that Britisher gone? Haven't seen or heard of her since we left port. Still, I imagine she can take care of herself all right—and yet—I dunno—I wonder if—well—I dunno——" and his voice tailed off into thoughts. The night laboured on, giving birth to a young and unhealthy-looking dawn. The senior officer ordered the watch to keep a special lookout for the Britisher. A watery sun rose, but there was no sign of her. The senior officer grew anxious.

"Guess we'll have to call her up," he said.

But his radioman got no reply. And he called again, but still no reply. The other ships began to heave into sight. But still no sign of the Britisher. The senior officer grew more anxious. All eyes were strained round the horizon. Noon came and the watch changed and fresh eyes took up the search, and the word got round that the Britisher was missing. The wind rose and hopes fell.

"Tough luck," said one of the starboard lookout—but his words were never heard. For his mate had especially good sight and drowned them with an :—

"Object on the horizon, sir! Just about abeam!"

The ship swung round; up to maximum speed again. The object grew larger. Other objects appeared apparently astern of it. The senior officer's glasses were glued to his eyes as he watched the objects floating on the sea in a snakelike switchback.

"——m—so that's why we got no reply."

"Yes, sir, looks like most of 'em saved though, sir—judging by the way those boats are crowded."

The objects were becoming clearer now.

"Yes—are they boats though? Or rafts—or what?"

"Well, some of 'em seem to be——"

"Now what in the hell's that first thing—doesn't look like anything on earth—or sea, to me. Moving through the water pretty fast though, look at the way those boys are paddling—and is it crowded!"

And then as the ship closed them there arose from that crowd a cheer that seemed to leap from wave to wave. The senior officer laughed aloud. It was a privilege to rescue such men. And it was a rescue accomplished in record time. For the rest of the flotilla was up by now and many hands made light of the task.

The Britisher's captain was the first to be hauled over the rails. But then he waived aside assistance. And standing on the deck, his uniform very wet but his smile very dry, he saluted the senior officer.

"I have to report, sir, the sinking of two enemy subma——"

The rest of his words were lost in the general jubilation and it was not until he was sipping his Bourbon in the warmth of the senior officer's cabin that he was able to explain how they'd surprised the two U-boats on the surface in thick weather, had rammed one and sunk the other by gunfire, but alas, not before the enemy had managed in her dying moment to get them with a couple of "tin fish."

"Trouble was," went on the commander, "that in the fray about half our boats and rafts were smashed up."

The senior officer smiled.

"Well, I must confess," he said, "it's a miracle to me how those that were left floated at all, with that crowd on 'em! And tell me, what was that somewhat peculiar contraption you were in? Never seen anything like it in *our* navy. Something new, eh?"

"That," replied the commander with a proud twinkle in his eye, "is the invention of my leading telegraphist, one of the best men in the British Navy, whose skill and foresight saved the life of his commanding officer, to say nothing of a dozen men! It is known as the Life and Liberty Boat, and if my information is correct it will soon also be serving as a Wedding Barge!"

And with that he quaffed the rest of his drink and sank back contentedly into his armchair.

END

The "Jet Plane" Inventor

(*Continued from page* 20

It was in a Cambridge college that one day Tinling and Williams came to Whittle and pleaded to be allowed to get the jet-propulsion machine built. He agreed, and they sank their savings in a company—Power Jets Ltd. Three years rolled by at Cambridge, and Whittle passed out first class in the mechanical science tripos.

Then he took over Power Jets' foundry and began work on his invention.

Four years it took before the machine was ready to run—four years in which Whittle slaved at the factory and at home, at the desk in the corner of his sitting-room, where he pored far into every night over masses of fantastically intricate calculations. At last the engine emerged—but there was no plane to fly it.

Whittle had evolved entirely new ideas in aeronautical science. He had married some of these with accepted principles, but the whole thing was so shatteringly novel that people tended to shy away from it, frightened by its very daring and originality.

His idea was that if a plane be built without a propeller but (*Continued on page* 58)

Thanksgiving Bells

Even a child can hear them. Soon the whole world will echo our Thanksgiving bells . . . Wise mothers took care to prepare for that day. They knew that COW & GATE gives perfection of health and strength for their Babies, assurance and contentment for themselves, and the knowledge that their happy children will be worthy of the happy future.

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"

Do you look lovely when you smile?

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

1/3 and 2/2 *Including Tax*
Also made in Powder Form

Threads from the loom of time

PRELUDE TO AN INDUSTRY

WHEN the people of London offered asylum to the Huguenots nearly three centuries ago, there was little reason to suppose that this act of hospitality would have far-reaching effects on standards of life throughout the world.

Yet so it came about, for a descendant of one of these Huguenot families laid the foundations of Courtaulds—a house destined to be known for the beauty of its silks and later, for its rayon yarns and fabrics.

At present National Service comes first; but when the war is over, Courtaulds will again be associated with new developments destined to benefit mankind in a measure not less notable than the evolution of rayon.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON

Mother!

Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

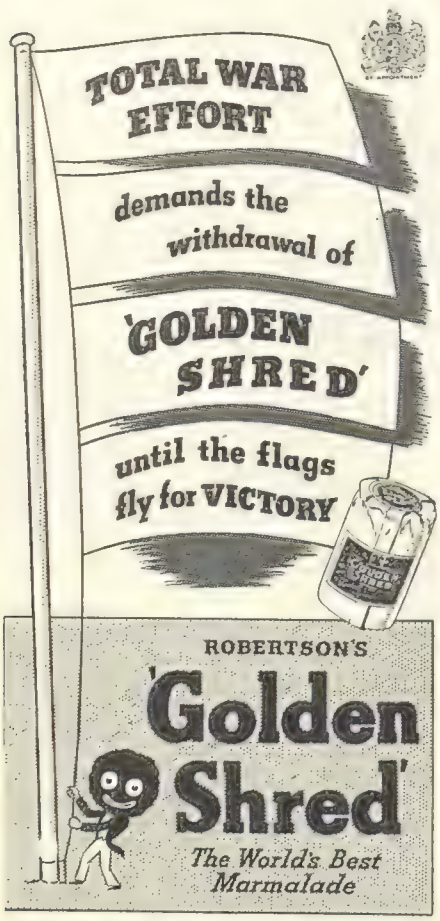
In the interests of National Health

always wash his hands before meals with

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

1 tablet – 1 coupon



JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works,
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol

an inlet just under the nose instead, air would rush into the interior as the plane moved forward. The air is compressed in a special chamber—a process which also heats it. It rushes on—a much more potent force—into another chamber where liquid fuel, such as petrol or oil, or even solid fuel such as powdered coal, is burned with it to make an explosive mixture much the same as in an ordinary car or aeroplane. This mixture in exploding can also be used to drive a turbine working the compressor—thus doing two jobs. The mixture then hurtles out the back of the aircraft, intensely hot, with the force of a super-powerful jet from a fire hose. You can imagine something like it if you recall the sensation of passing just behind a motor car's exhaust when it is starting up! This jet hits the cool air of the atmosphere and the plane leaps forward. It sounds very simple, but it took a Whittle eleven years to work it out.

Eventually the British Government, in 1939, placed an order for an experimental aeroplane to be built by the Gloster Company, Power Jets Ltd. providing the engines.

Building an entirely new aeroplane takes a long time. Thousands of designs have to be thought out and drawn, thousands of special parts have to be made—probably machine tools to make them must be built. So it was May 21, 1941 before the wonder plane was ready for its first flight. It had been designed by Mr. W. G. Carter, Gloster's chief designer.

Picked for the job was one of the finest test pilots in Britain, Flight Lieutenant Gerald Sayers, who was later killed in an orthodox plane crash. That bright afternoon Jerry Sayers never more literally took his life in his hands, as he stood and looked at the stream-lined plane, weird-seeming without any propeller. Francis McKenna, General Manager of the Gloster Aircraft Co., told him: "Now, you must be the sole judge of whether you take her up or not—it's for you to say." Sayers laughed, promised to be careful.

The small group of very high officials with Whittle and his back-room boys stood expectantly.

The "Jet Plane" Inventor

At great speed the plane sped over the grass, whipped up into the air, and was away with a high-pitched whirring note, like that of an organ. As it flashed overhead on its circlings of the enormous field, it whistled like a mighty bomb descending, "pouffed" almost softly when near, then flashed away into space.

Said Sayers as he climbed from the plane: "It was first class." Forty minutes of history had passed and the test was over.

Orders were placed, America was informed and requested models. The Bell Aircraft Company was permitted to build a plane to take engines manufactured by America's General Electric Company. All the scientific and manufacturing resources of Britain and America were at Whittle's disposal.

To-day, it can be disclosed, Britain has a new fighter, the Gloster, driven by this method.

Discussion of the use of the Gyrone in war must be limited. It has been announced that numbers are going into commission "some time" in Britain and America, but they would be at first used for training purposes. If the Gloster fighter is not available for use in the European war, it is reasonable to expect it might be ready for operations in the Pacific. It will outstrip by an enormous margin anything the enemy have—or are likely to have.

But it is in the future, in civil aviation some eight or ten years hence, that jet-propulsion will achieve the real marvels. For the higher the plane flies, up to a point, the better the system works, and the faster it goes—again up to a point where the plane's bulk takes effect in the form of drag—the more power is generated. Tremendous heights and colossal speeds are axiomatic from this machine, for abolition of the propeller means it can be built more lightly, the heavy aero-motors of to-day will have gone, everything will be greatly simplified, and radically new designs and variations of the flying-wing plane (looking like a vast wing with motors stuck on) will appear.

END

Looking Ahead—To The Boon-time

(*Continued from page* 13)

far over the side of a sinking ship, and to be able to navigate in dry clothes and with hot food to an away-from-it-all southern isle. The difficulty may be to find the sinking ship, when all passenger vessels are fitted with radiolocation and asdic devices.

Very many less lives will be in peril on the seas, and how just that ordinary mariners will be the prime beneficiaries. Every tramp's crew should have a real chance, short of a sudden sinking or an unmanageable gale.

Post-war day trippers must keep a tender memory for the back-room boys at the Air Ministry, Meteorological Department. Heretofore, trippers left for Brighton or Blackpool; only ofttimes to find rainswept promenades. No need to risk that in the future. It may sound incredible in this crazily changeable climate, but it will be possible to forecast the weather at any particular place in the country twenty-four hours ahead. Each resort will have to maintain an expert, and come to think of it, he had better be a civil servant or dark charges might be preferred by one municipality against another.

These local forecasts will be of special value to farmers and sporting organizations—when Test Matches restart, we shall know twenty-four hours ahead all about the sunshine Manchester is keeping for us. An even bigger boon is spoken of as being within the realm of possibilities. Given intensive and far-flung application, it should be feasible to say a week ahead what the weather is going to be like over such and such a region for so many days. Though this might have its disadvantages in the promotion of overcrowding rushes.

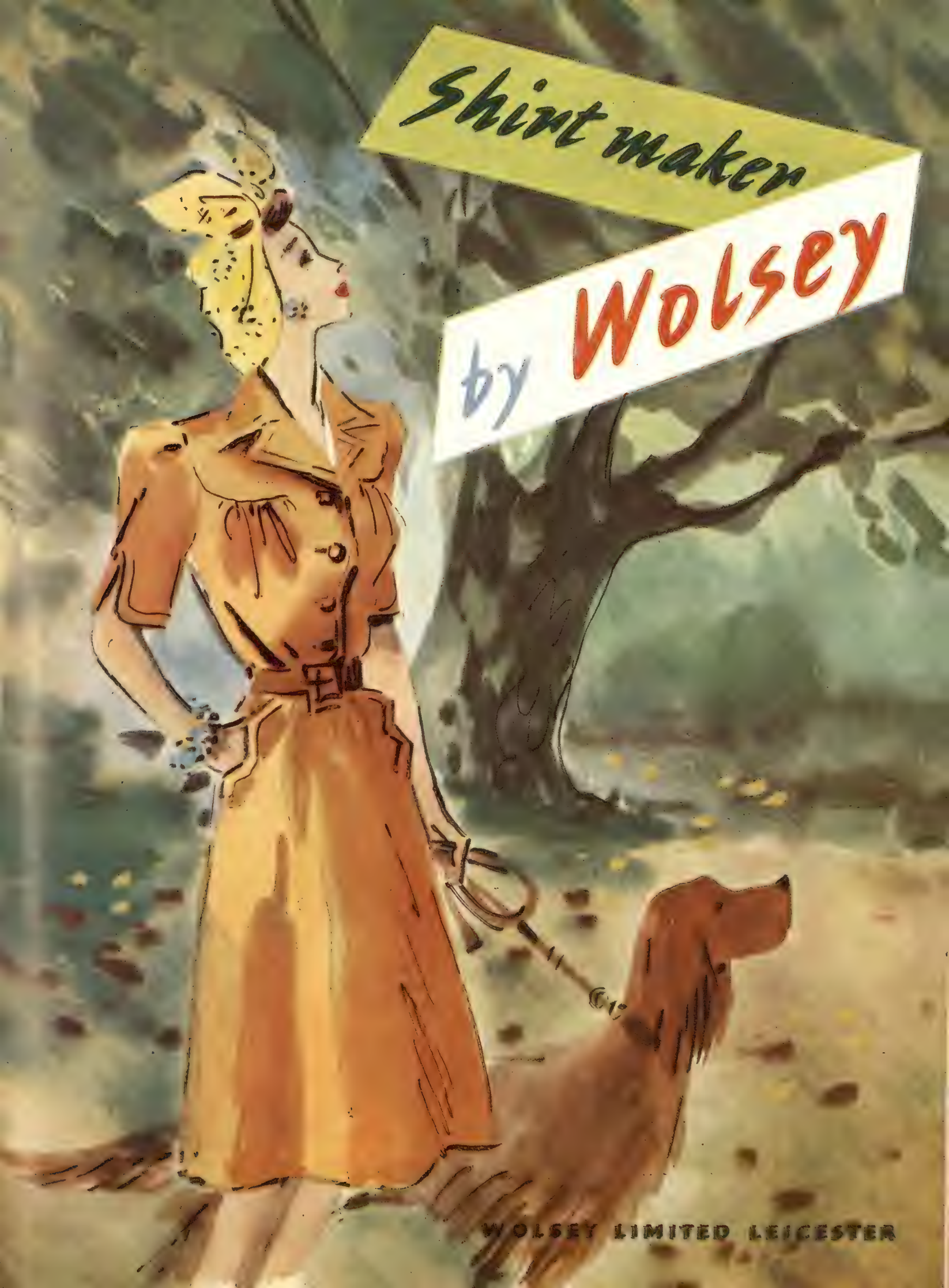
Personally, I think the best bet will ultimately turn out to be air travel at popular prices to places like the South of France any time between May and November. Such holiday-makers will be dead certain of constant sunshine and even if they do take money out of the country they will be bringing health back into it. Before the day of popular air travel, we are promised the air runabout—why not airabout?—at £150 and £1 a week upkeep. As a release from the roads with their caterpillar-like traffic, the airabout should be well worth its nimble weight. But my first preference is for the duckling. This is a very small model of the amphibious landing-barge—you might see in it a cross between a surf-boat and a jeep. It will enable happy couples to motor to the coast and, when the sea is calm, put out for a little waddle in quiet and privacy. With a duckling, one will be able to motor into Torquay, slip into the sea and across the bay to Brixham, and return by road to Exeter.

I suppose broadcasting was the biggest boon to come out of the last war. It didn't emerge until four lears later, but the groundwork was done during the struggle—I know; I lived with madmen for ever talking valves. Will television be the novelty most affecting the lives of millions after this war? Well, at present, after one month's boon collecting, I give pride of place to the prefabricated (English: ready-made) house.

Sound-proofed, indirect lighting, dream kitchen and heating, constant hot water, sunken cupboards, sliding walls and vanishing beds, and Mary Ann twiddling her thumbs as the rest of the gadgets function. Above all sound-proofed, which besides promoting neighbourly forbearance will introduce a note of mystery to Humdrum Avenue. ("What d'you think they're up to to-night?")

I can think of only one greater boon at this stage: if we kept the Germans in Germany.

END


Shirt maker
by Wolsey
WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

OUT AND ABOUT *with* NORVIC *Shoes*

On her feet all day, yet she still remains cheerful. Her shoes are smart and practical, too! But even more important; they are comfortable — thanks to the famous NORVIC principle of the Braced Foot Fit.

Stamped on the Sole.

THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD. NORWICH

Second In Command

(*Continued from page 29*)

Division of the Admiralty and in 1925 worked for a time with the League of Nations in Geneva. Before the present war, Miss Woollcombe did a great deal of voluntary work in the Girl Guides Association. In the WRNS since its inception, she was Senior Chief Officer until she became Superintendent Personnel, a post especially created by the Admiralty.

SECOND in command of the ATS, Miss Mary Baxter-Ellis, C.B.E., has a calmly powerful and impressive personality that would give any one an instantaneous sense of confidence. Quiet and reposeful in voice and manner, the Senior Controller and Deputy Director conveys that quality of self-reliance which comes from assured knowledge.

The Senior Controller co-ordinates the departments in the directorate, being the channel to the Director, ATS, for all matters of policy and well-being (the ATS chosen term for welfare) and the whole question of basic training. This, indeed, is her particular predilection, probably because she has had so much experience herself of the technical side in this direction and understands its value and potentialities. The Senior Controller—this rank is the equivalent of that of brigadier in the Army—fulfils the role of Deputy quite literally and acts (to use her own simile) "as a kind of sieve," through which everything is sorted and sifted before being referred to the Chief Controller.

The Senior Controller was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne and is the daughter of the late Sir Joseph Baxter-Ellis, who was the first Lord Mayor of that town. During the last war she served in France with the FANY (she has, incidentally, never severed her connection with the FANYs as their Commandant, although her present duties do not make it possible for her to participate actively in that capacity); from 1940 to 1941 she worked under the Director of Military Training, helping to form one of the first ATS Training Branches. After serving on the Advisory Council which inaugurated the ATS, Miss Baxter-Ellis joined the Service at the time of the Munich crisis and has been Deputy Director, ATS Scottish Command, since 1942. Other appointments since the Munich days have included the command of an ATS Driver Training Centre; Inspector of Technical Training at an Anti-Aircraft Training Establishment, Commandant of an ATS OCTU and of the Junior Officers' School—a fine record of valuable experience.

THE WAAF is fortunate in having Group Officer I. M. Campbell as its Deputy Director. Endowed with charm of voice and manner and a cool, unruffled personality, Miss Campbell has an air about her of serene capability.

Group Officer Campbell deputizes for her chief, particularly where office work is concerned, dealing with a mass of papers and detail about every branch of the Service; the well-being of the WAAF (this Service also chooses this expression to denote the whole range of welfare) is her special study, including the WAAF programme of what is named Progressive Training. This, a very pronounced feature of the Service, is a system devised with the purpose, not only of training girls to be efficient airwomen, but to equip them mentally and practically for a future of useful citizenship, an aim achieved by education in an individual, rather than a general, sense. Each airwoman is encouraged to develop whatever knowledge or ability she may happen to possess and is trained and educated along the lines of her natural proclivity. Established on an ambitious scale, the maintenance of this scheme is one of the Deputy Director's chief interests.

Group Officer Campbell was a company commander of the R.A.F./ATS early in 1939; she became Adjutant at the first WAAF Training Depot soon after the war began. She was WAAF Staff Officer at Headquarters, Bomber Command, in June, 1940, and later at Headquarters, Flying Training Command; finally being appointed Deputy Director of the Service in 1941.

END

Box No. 29

(*Continued from page 12*)

and the mealy light of morning was settling over the fields.

"I have little enough to spare," grumbled Mikhail, "but there is some yoghourt." Without waiting for a reply, he ladled some of the thick soured milk into a plate and poured out two cups of treacly black coffee. He watched in disgust while the old man rinsed his mouth in the basin and dabbed cold water over his face. When they had fed he allowed Grujic to wash the dishes. His nose was soon buried in his book.

Grujic made one or two attempts at conversation to keep his mind off the train from the coast but Mikhail looked so angry that he gave it up. He sat in his chair, tired but not relaxed, with his eyes shut. He started up at noon when Mikhail put on his coat. For some reason he seemed to be hesitating.

"If you are ill, Grujic," he said at last, "perhaps I can stay until to-night. A few hours in bed will give you more strength."

The gesture was so unexpected that Grujic stood there for a moment, gaping. Then he shook his head slowly.

"It is a great kindness but I am feeling well again." He gave a throaty laugh. "The Company's rules must be followed exactly."

Mikhail stared at him and shrugged. "All right. See you at midnight."

When he had gone, Grujic helped himself to some more "shlivovista." He always kept the flask out of sight in Mikhail's presence because a word to the Company could ruin a man's chances of a pension, and drinking was strictly prohibited in duty hours.

"To the devil with the Company," he said aloud. The brandy was now warming him nicely under the belt. The afternoon rolled on. He pulled his levers mechanically, like a man in a dream. At about four o'clock a coolness began to creep in from the hills and he brewed some coffee. But his throat was so hoarse that he couldn't drink it. He finished what was left in the flask. At least, there would be nothing left for that German pig, he reflected happily. He watched the hands of the clock.

Yak and his fireman would be climbing into the cupola about now, laughing and joking. First, he would back the train out of the station on to the main line, then the switchman would wave them on. For two hours the old freight would go rumbling comfortably on . . . to death. . . . Grujic tried to forget Yak's face but the boy's snub nose and salmon-coloured quiff of hair kept mocking him.

Just after six o'clock he switched a local passenger off the main line. That would be the last until 7.16 when the arms train thundered through on its way to Zagreb. Well, it wasn't going to get there. He lit his last cigarette and his mind strayed back to the battlefield of Plevna. It was funny to reflect that he had come through that hell without a scratch to lose his life twenty-five years later in a war in which he was non-combatant. The thought gave him an odd sense of satisfaction.

Although the hands of the clock seemed to be glued to the face, they were moving, nevertheless. At 6.48, with only two minutes to go, Grujic sank to his knees and babbled prayers he had not said since his childhood. He still had time to switch Yak's train off the main line. His face was wet with tears and the clock jumped in a crazy pattern before his eyes. It was over, and he hadn't moved to the levers. He went over to the window and saw the red tail-light bobbing into the mist. Yak would be wondering why his father hadn't waved (*Continued on page 62*)

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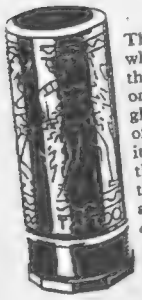

The gold-dusted South Seas maidens who know all love's answers found the dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! Dawn-dewiness glamorous transparent stain instead of greasy coating! Tattoo . . . put it on . . . let set . . . wipe off . . . only the colour stays! A lure that's sure to endure . . . through war work and everything! Tattoo . . . the *different* lipstick.

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TATTOO *your lips!*

back from Box No. 29, as he passed. In a very few minutes the express would come hurtling up the line with nothing to stop it, nothing but a slow freight which would be smashed to splinters. And, somewhere up the track, cunningly fanned out in the woods, would be hundreds of Partisans with hand grenades and those new guns that the British had smuggled to them, deadly little weapons that spat death.

Grujic could feel the sweat standing out on his upper lip. He had heard the crash in his mind many times that day but when it came it was unlike anything he had imagined. There was a rumble like distant thunder followed by a great roar. The windows rattled madly. Then came another series of explosions. He leaned out of the window and saw a great glow spreading over the sky.

He felt strangely calm now. Everything seemed clear. He picked up a broom and carefully swept the Box, poking into corners thick with dust and cobwebs. Then he stripped to the waist and proceeded to shave with great care. Having brushed his lank grey hair he sluiced back and chest with cold water and towelled himself vigorously.

When the Ober-Leutnant came he would find no cowardly wretch, snivelling for mercy, but a soldier. Yes, a veteran of Plevna.

There was a hurried footfall on the stairs. Ah, they were wasting no time, thought Grujic. But it was Yak who came in with his hair ruffled and a wild look in his eyes.

"An accident up the line, father," he panted. "We must go, and quickly." He shook the old man impatiently. "Don't stand there, looking stupid," he shouted.

Grujic continued to stare at him Yak tightened his grip on his arm.

"Hurry, father, for the love of God. We must go."

"But why are you here?" stammered Grujic. "You were on your train —"

"Yes, oh yes," broke in the youngster impatiently. "A big man, an Englishman, I think, swung himself on as we slowed down round the bend. He had a revolver and told us to jump off or he'd blow out our brains. I thought he was mad but he saved our lives." He shuddered. "He asked me to take you to Travossak through the woods. 'You will find good friends there,' he said. Then he laughed like a madman and pushed us off." His tone changed suddenly. "We will talk later, father," he snapped. "The Gestapo will take every man on the line for questioning. Heads will fall." He flung the old man's shabby coat over his shoulders. "Come."

Grujic shook his head slowly. "I cannot leave yet, my son," he said. "Another train must be switched in a few minutes. I cannot leave the Box until then. Lives would be lost, Croat lives." He put on the coat. "You go, son, and I shall follow when No. 37 has gone through." He put his arms round the boy and kissed him on both cheeks.

Yak shook his head angrily but there was something in the old man's face he had not seen for many years; a hardness about the mouth.

"Good-bye, father, and hurry," he pleaded.

When the door had closed behind him Grujic picked up a duster and began to polish the levers until they shone. He ran his fingers over each in turn. He thought of the men in their camp at Travossak. There would be joy there to-night. And what was an old man's life weighed against a German arms train? Of course, they would shoot him. But if he scurried to the woods like a rat they would take hundreds of innocent hostages and murder them.

No, this was a railway job, not a civilian matter. He put on his jacket and waited for Ober-Leutnant Milch.

END

Secret Weapons—Don't Win Wars

(Continued from page 15)

cavalry horses: a notion borrowed from the ancients, who used "Greek fire" to stampede charging elephants.

Commandos, a "secret weapon" launched June, 1940, throw back earlier than the Boer War, whence they derive their name. Drake and Hawkins used commandos at the citadels of the Spanish Main. Rogers's Rangers and Morgan's Riflemen were commandos. A British commando band, landed from two submarines, got behind the German lines in North Africa, raided the C.-in-C.'s headquarters, and only failed to get Rommel because he chanced to be visiting Italy. New? Not at all. The exploit followed exactly the pattern of Washington's commando band under Colonel Humphries, which slipped down the Hudson in three boats, bent on raiding British headquarters on Manhattan Island under cover of night and Christmas Eve festivities, and bringing back the C.-in-C. in triumph to Washington. They failed because a gale from the north blew them away from the shore.

The Germans' phosgene of 1915 was called a secret weapon. But the Japs in the war of 1904-1905 used smoke impregnated with arsenic to pry the Russians loose from Chikuan and Erh-lung forts. The British might claim to be the potential pioneers. In the Crimea War the British C.-in-C. drafted a plan for shortening the siege of Sevastopol by using poisonous fumes. An appalled War Office vetoed his plan and hid his memorandum in the archives.

It was not poison gas, but massed artillery—trifles like 40,000 eleven-inch howitzer shells dropped in to Port Arthur—which helped the Japs to beat the Russians: a lesson which Stalin remembered, to Hitler's cost. As for the German gas, it was promptly thrown back, and only complicated the war for them.

The first modern version of the old "Greek fire" was the flame-thrower which startled the British at Melancourt on February 25, 1915. It was a two-chambered affair. When you opned the connecting valve, compressed nitrogen in one chamber forced oil in the other through a pipe and out of a nozzle as fine spray. A pilot light ignited the spray and a roaring sheet of flame jetted fifty to one hundred feet. However, after their first fright, the soldiers attacked noticed that the flame-thrower personnel were within nice bomb-throwing range. Manning flame-throwers thereafter became one of the less popular jobs in the Hohenzollern army.

That can happen with much-vaunted secret weapons, which impress laymen but not professional warriors. In the first phase of this war, Hitler's headline secret weapon was the dive bomber. The British air marshals knew all about dive bombing, but would not divert effort along the line of that army co-operation machine, the most vulnerable of all aircraft. They preferred to concentrate on their own secret weapon. It was a two-edged one: a heavy-load night bomber, and a fast air destroyer. The latter sprang a fatal surprise on Goering's day ducks over the Channel and South England. The two secret weapons, Stuka and Spitfire, met, and the Stukas fell in flocks. Most of the 185 swastika aircraft the R.A.F. bagged in its biggest 1940 shoot were Stukas.

The most sensational secret weapons predicted before the war have not arrived. Among them were a 100-m.p.h. tank carrying a three-inch gun; a flying thirty-ton tank which discarded its wings on landing; a warplane using non-inflammable solid petrol; a gas to beat all known gas masks; gas puffed over an enemy position and exploded; television cameras hidden behind the enemy lines to betray his movements; the helicopter used for mass invasion; the death ray, which penetrates armour, kills at a distance, brings down planes; and, of course, the uranium bomb.

The latter came into the secret-weapon picture in 1935 when the American physicist Dempster discovered U-235; the German scientist team of Meitner and Hahn found that the power potential of a pound of it equals 5,000 tons of *(Continued on page 64)*

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The gay whirl of the waltz first reached England in 1812, and when the young lady of fashion first danced it, wearing her Indian muslin cut *a la grecque*, her hair turbaned Oriental fashion (and, of course, her Atkinsons Eau de Cologne), there was a great deal of eyebrow raising. To-day the eyebrows are raised again, although this time the cause is the throbbing, sub-tropical rhythm of the Conga, danced in a winding, hip-shaking crocodile. So things don't change much after all. And although the dancers now wear Utility dresses and shake a rayon ankle, they still prefer Atkinsons Eau de Cologne for adding enchantment to a war-time evening. But, unfortunately, in 1944 the last few drops of this lovely essence must be treasured carefully, for its manufacture has ceased for the duration. We're sorry!

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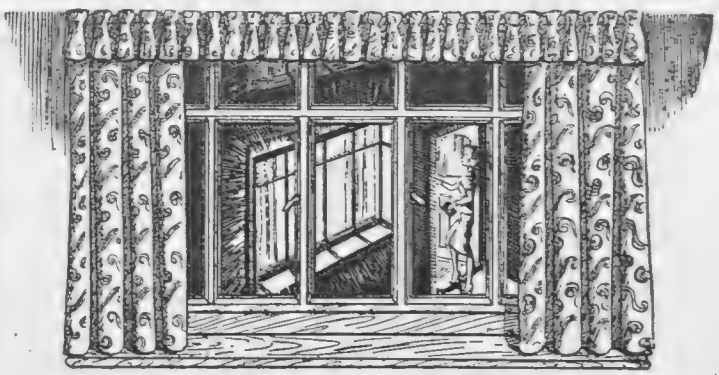

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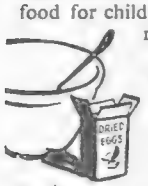
"Take a dozen eggs," said Mrs. Beeton. Well, the present allowance of dried eggs means a dozen eggs a *week* for the average family, more than most people used before the war!

Remember that dried eggs are new-laid shell eggs with only the shell and the water taken away.

Make an omelette by allowing 3 or 4 eggs for two people. "Reconstitute" the eggs, add seasoning, beat well, and cook in smoking hot fat until all the egg is set. Cook it *quickly*, and don't overcook.

When making cakes and puddings, add the eggs *dry* to the other ingredients and add the water afterwards. Eggs are a grand nourishing food for children and dried eggs have the full nutritional value of shell eggs.



Don't mix dried eggs with water until you are ready to use them.

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coal, 2,500 tons of petrol, or 1,500 tons of T.N.T.; and Hitler was reported to have ordered 200 scientists and the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute to concentrate on study of the new substance.

Obviously, it would interest the Nazi war chief. With a few tons of the stuff he could dispense with his million coal miners and draft them into the army. A fifty-pound lump tossed out over London would explode with the force of 75,000 tons of T.N.T., and that would certainly shake the obstinate British. Besides, U-235 explodes with a firecracker faction, one explosion starting another, so that the big shake would be only the first of a series lasting days.

However, the Americans, British, Russians and even the Swedes know as much about U-235 as the Germans; Dr. Lise Meitner, Hahn's sixty-year-old partner, being a non-Aryan, had to leave Germany; and as nobody anyway knows how to speed the extraction of U-235 from uranium (one pound of U-235 in every 140 pounds of uranium) beyond a laboratory method so slow it takes 12,000,000 years to extract one pound, and as, further, nobody has the slightest idea how to go to work with the stuff even if it could be extracted in bulk, it does not look as though Hitler or anybody else will be tossing uranium bombs about in this war.

END

Secret Weapons—Don't Win Wars

No Ballerina, No Brandy

(*Continued from page* 32)

"I don't know whether you're interested to know," he said once the hors d'œuvres were on the table, "just how I got hold of her first. But you don't look as though you've got much to say for yourselves, and it makes quite a good story."

"You know how we love your stories," said Mike.

"Well, it wasn't an easy proposition at all. This gossip-column stuff about Lopovka's impenetrable seclusion is not in the least exaggerated, and I found out within half an hour of leaving you last month that a bunch of roses wasn't going to carry me into her presence. That was my first idea, rather naïve really. Then I tried gate-crashing. I walked through the stage entrance of the theatre, nodding good evening to the door-keeper as though I did it every day of my life. But the fellow was too astute; he hadn't been sitting like a jealous hen in that box for twenty years for nothing. He wanted to know my business.

"'Just going in to see Mme Lopovka,' I said. 'Don't trouble—I know the way.' 'I'll have to trouble *you*, sir,' he said. 'I don't suppose she'll see you.'

"He got hold of a call-boy, and when he asked my name I said, 'Just tell her Peter's here.' Of course that wasn't nearly wily enough. The boy came back and in a damned supercilious way said 'She ain't in.'

"After that I thought of the taxi trick. You know how difficult taxis are to get hold of in the blackout these days. Well, I brought one to the stage-door, thinking I could offer her a lift. But that was far too artless. About half a dozen specially ordered taxis drew up at once, and of all the people that got into them, I had the devil's own job distinguishing Lopovka. However, I chose the most pre-eminently gorgeous fur coat, and said, 'Follow that car (I've always wanted to use that expression in practice).' We lurched off round a few corners and stopped outside the Café Royal. Needless to say the fur coat wasn't Lopovka's. That brought an end to the first day's hunting."

"Do you mean to say," Jimmy put in, "that you didn't make the most of a bad job?"

"Dine with the fur coat, you mean? Of course I did," he went on, seemingly unaware of the extent to which this taxed our credulity. "Though that's rather beside the point. I hoped the girl would be able to give me some information, and I sat there under the evil eye of her boy friend, feeling the most wretched of gooseberries, all for the sake of this Napoleon brandy. Though by this time, I must admit, I'd got the lust of the chase. There's no better incentive than a set-back. Anyhow, Lopovka was almost as great a mystery to this girl as she was to me. Now excuse me, if I don't do some eating, I shan't be ready to drink when she arrives."

I don't know what I should have done if at this point somebody had asked me to bet upon the outcome. At one moment, influenced solely by Saunders's absolute assurance, I would have staked my shirt upon Lopovka's coming. At the next, remembering that he was as good a story-teller as he was an actor, I was no less convinced that whatever turned up it would not be Lopovka.

When the roast duck was served, we let Saunders continue.

"You remember I was only on forty-eight hours," he said. "So I had to get right down to it again the next day. The first thing was to find out where she was staying. That was a walk-over, because there were only five likely places in the whole of London. I got the right hotel with my third telephone call.

"I thought of all the devices I had seen in American films. One could dress as a plumber, an electrician, an ambulance man. One could clean windows. But to clean windows or plumb in a high-class hotel, in a flight lieutenant's uniform, presents innumerable difficulties. I decided to be the man from the income-tax.

"You see, I had heard Lopovka sets a good deal of store on her personal charm. It occurred to me that being an artiste, there was a good possibility of her owing some income-tax—or at least being perfectly ready to believe that she did. And on whom may charm be more profitably expended than the income-tax man? That was the theory. I rang up her hotel apartment once more.

"'Mme Lopovka,' I demanded.

"'She's not in. This is her secretary. Who wants her?' came a reply in broken accents. Of course I'd just spoken to her secretary an hour before. I perceived the ruse: it was Lopovka herself.

"'The Department of Income-tax,' I said.

"'Nonsense,' she said. 'You've got the wrong number.'

"'But Madame Lopovka must pay income-tax like any one else.'

"'Indeed! She is too busy to think of that kind of thing.'

"'Madame will realize, of course, that the department has the police force behind it.'

"'And how much must she pay?' Lopovka demanded.

"'Madame has had her statements. It is now a matter of personal adjustment. Madame must convince me personally that there are good reasons for rebate or post-ponement.'

"Here the earpiece vibrated deafeningly. That, said Lopovka, was a matter for Lopovka's manager. But how did I expect Lopovka to live? Did I not realize that Lopovka was an artiste, that poverty was strangling her, that the loss would not only be Lopovka's, but the world's? Was I prepared to take the responsibility of depriving the world of its birthright, beauty? Would I have fired a gun at the legs of Lopovka? No? Well, was it not clear to me that what I was doing was tantamount to crippling the greatest living exponent of ballet . . . ?

"'I regret,' I said, 'that I cannot agree. Lopovka's dancing abounds in imperfections.'

"There was a moment of terrible silence.

"'Who did you say you were?' she demanded.

"'The income-tax.'

"'I don't care who you are. You know nothing of ballet.'

"'I could name,' I said, 'a dozen greater artistes than Lopovka.'

"She asked who. That, I said, would be indiscreet, seeing that I was talking to Lopovka's secretary. 'Who? she shouted. And what was the matter with

(*Continued on page* 66)

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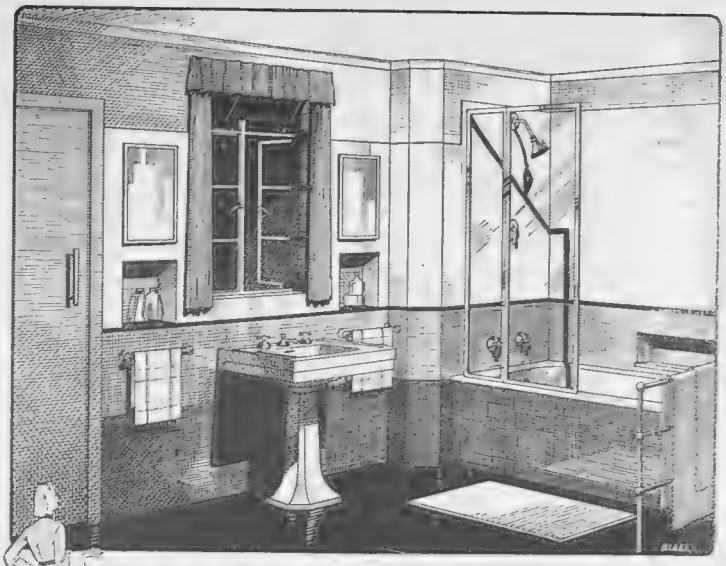

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Wearing gloves for gardening and dirty jobs is the surest way to pretty hands (you can still buy housework gloves without coupons), but if you work in a factory where gloves spoil your touch, use the special preparation usually supplied for rubbing into hands before starting work. If your factory doesn't supply it, rub in cold cream.

Chapped hands are a common trouble; golden rules for preventing them are — wash with toilet, not household, soap in *warm*, not hot, water, and massage with hand cream or cold cream nightly. If you can't spare cold cream rub iodine oil into the cracks. Correct way to massage is from the finger tips to wrist. Red hands respond to a bleaching pack of Fuller's Earth mixed with witch-hazel.

Cigarette-stained fingers look sordid and unfeminine, so keep a piece of pumice handy and use whenever you wash — rub it on the soap first. Rough work plays havoc with cuticles, and the iodine oil mentioned above is excellent for softening them.

Soft nails may indicate an unbalanced diet, so try to concentrate on a good mixed diet containing minerals — phosphorus, calcium, iron — and Vitamin A. They're contained in eggs (dehydrated as well as shell), liver, green vegetables (raw or lightly cooked), and fats. Try to get your share of family rations of fatty foods like butter, margarine and cheese.

If you break a nail before a date and don't want to cut it off, cover with collodion, which holds the split together. Another party tip is rubbing Icilma Vanishing Cream into the backs of your hands, but this is only for special occasions — those same occasions for which you save all your precious Icilma Beauty Preparations.

★ ***Cut this out and keep it*** — *This and other talks to follow come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products — Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream and Shampoos.*

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The Economical Tooth Paste

Lopovka? I said that over the phone I could hardly be expected to demonstrate. 'Well, come here immediately. Immediately!'"

Saunders paused to take several mouthfuls of duck. The rest of us had finished. Mike, by my side, was fidgeting with anger. The story had reached preposterous heights of incredibility; but we were somehow fascinated. We wanted to hear the rest.

"Naturally I was pretty pleased about this," he went on, chewing while he talked. "I leapt a taxi and was at her hotel in under ten minutes. The reception announced my presence. 'Show him up' said the phone angrily. And there I was inside the fortress.

"At first it didn't strike her that I was wearing Air Force uniform. She banged the door and said, 'What's the matter with Lopovka?' Of course I don't know the first thing about ballet, and I had to climb down a little. I'd exaggerated, I explained. It wasn't a question of imperfection. But would it not have been dishonest of me, I insisted, to have said she surpassed Pavlova (it was the only other name I could think of). It was obvious that she had not reached her peak. Another two years, I reckoned, might make her genius immortal.

"It was about one o'clock then; and so I pointed out to her that this visit had inconvenienced me considerably, and that the least she could do for me was to give me lunch. I favoured oysters, I added.

"'You are impertinent,' she said. 'I like impertinent people. That is why I shall give you lunch—not because I have put you out. Who did you say you were?'

"'I said I was the income-tax,' I said.

"'Do all income-tax people wear those clothes?'

"'I'm at the receiving end, so to speak,' I explained. 'Your income-tax buys me these clothes.'

"'Oh,' she said vaguely. 'I don't understand these things. Why do you like oysters? I hate oysters.'

"I must confess to you that I found her irresistible. You were right, Mike, absolutely right, in reserving your brandy for Lopovka. As we sat lunching in her apartment, I realized that I had been inexcusably slower than you in perceiving her charms. Why, it was a delight to watch her glide across the carpet in her exquisite gown. But that's digressing. Let us order the sweet, and I will hasten over the rest of the story. I haven't told you yet how I persuaded her to come to-night——"

"For heaven's sake!" Mike exploded.

"What's the matter?" Saunders inquired.

"Stop pretending, you idiot! You're the most consummate liar——"

"That's what I always say!"

It was a woman's voice. We looked up. Lopovka!

I do not like to say she was "stunningly beautiful"; yet I do not think there is a more fitting expression. We were stunned as though the heroine of a book had walked suddenly into the room. We were stunned because, after all, there is only one Lopovka, and unlike many a celebrity, she was everything we had expected.

"I never believe a word he says," she went on. "Not a word! Introduce me, somebody."

Poor Mike was speechless, and Jimmy and I far from being equal to the occasion. The situation was saved by Saunders's aplomb. He rebuked her good-naturedly for letting

No Ballerina, No Brandy

us down; he described each of us in turn to her, putting into our mouths sentiments far more lofty than any we had been known to express. Lopovka herself was in a splendid humour, effervescent, her loveliness spilling over so that we seemed to catch some of it ourselves. We began to feel like lions, and immensely proud of our manes at that. We might all our lives have been entertaining ballerinas. Mike, recovering rapidly, was making up for his past mistrust. He watched Lopovka with unconcealed admiration. An explosion of laughter from the rest of the party enabled him to lean over to me and whisper:—

"Don't forget your promise. Take Saunders off with you, and you can have the rest of the brandy." I nodded acquiescence. "Tell Jimmy," he added, nudging me. He was taking no chances.

The brandy was retrieved from the waiter; glasses filled and raised. At other tables the diners were watching us. We thought of them saying: "You know who that is. Lopovka. Imagine her being with a party of such junior officers!" The idea pleased us. The brandy went round a second time, missing Lopovka by her own request. Mike was offering a third when she said she must go. Protestations were of no avail.

"Look," said Mike, pushing the Napoleon over to Saunders, and blushing slightly. "No point in the party breaking up. You fellows see the bottle to the bottom."

"Pity to finish it all," Saunders said.

"Not at all," Mike stammered unhappily. "It was made to drink."

"Think I'll be getting along," said Saunders. "What about the bill?"

We waited while a waiter brought it on a plate. He proffered it to Saunders.

"Nice of you chaps to invite us," Saunders said. His hands were in his pockets. The waiter transferred the plate to our side of the table. Jimmy and I fixed the bill between us.

"I'll settle with you later," Mike whispered. He was on edge. As Lopovka led the way from the room, he bustled close behind her getting his check in first at the cloak-room. Then he disappeared through the swing-doors to get a taxi. By the time he had managed to hail one, the rest of us were outside on the moonlit pavement. Turning back to us, he saw that Lopovka was on Saunders's arm.

He confronted them trying to bar Saunders's way without appearing to do so, hoping that he could manœuvre them apart. He broke into flustered conversation.

"Like to see you again, old chap. Fix up another dinner sometime, shall we? What about next week?"

"My leave's up to-morrow," Saunders said. "Special leave, it was."

"Special leave?"

"Of course, I didn't have time to finish my story, did I? Honeymoon, you know." He made his way past to the taxi, and climbed in after Lopovka. Mike stood there staring. I think the moon exaggerated the whiteness of his face.

"*Au revoir*," said Lopovka.

Saunders banged the door and leant out of the window. We saw he was waving the bottle of Napoleon.

"A splendid wedding gift!" he called out. "Thanks, old boy. *Au revoir*."

END

The Bay of Biscay (*Continued from page 25*)

the *Captain*. The *London* was one of those ships built in the mid-nineteenth century in which auxiliary power was combined with all the usual features of a sailing vessel, with the result that the craft concerned was neither a good sailing ship nor a good steamer. In the case of the *London*, there seems to have been a good deal of doubt as to her seaworthiness expressed before her fatal voyage; "she looks like a coffin," one observer is reported to have said of her.

She left Plymouth for Melbourne on Friday, January 5, 1866, with about 150 passengers and eighty-nine seamen, in all, including the ship's officers and half a dozen stowaways, 258 souls. The weather, which was bad when she sailed, rapidly grew worse, and she continually shipped heavy seas. It was soon apparent that her state was desperate. The hatches had been stove in, and water poured in with every roll of the vessel. At last, six days after the ship had left Plymouth, the captain gave the order to launch the boats, or such of them as remained, most having been smashed or carried away in the storm. Only one—the pinnace—got safely away; and the eighteen people in her were the only survivors of all on board.

Borwick's Baking Powder improves dried egg dishes

Here's a new hint that all cooks will welcome. Scrambled eggs and omelettes made with dried eggs will turn out lighter, a better colour and more appetising when Borwick's Baking Powder is added.

DO THIS

Prepare the dried eggs according to directions on the packet. Just before cooking, stir in one level teaspoon of Borwick's for every two eggs being cooked.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World 10

"I know just how you feel dear, on 'certain days' I used to be so depressed and irritable that I was a nuisance to every one until a good friend advised me to try Cephos: now all my pain and troubles are things of the past. Try it yourself right away." It is a safe and certain remedy regularly relied upon by modern women. Cephos is also a most effective treatment for Colds and 'Flu. Sold everywhere in Tablet or powder form. 8 powders or 16 tablets 1/3. 21 Powders or 42 tablets 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos Pronounced See-fos Regd. THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

THE GOVERNMENT ORDER LIMITING POLISH SUPPLIES MEANS:

NOW HALF A TIN OF

RONUK

MUST GO AS FAR AS ONE

RONUK THE SANITARY FLOOR POLISH

Four years later England was again shocked, this time even more deeply, by the news of the foundering of H.M.S. *Captain* off Cape Finisterre. The *Captain* was the newest product of naval architecture, a turret ship of the latest design; her freeboard was exceptionally low, less than four feet, and some of her critics shook their heads, predicting that she would never be safe under sail. She was cruising off the Spanish coast in company with three other ships when it began to blow a full gale from the westward. In the evening of September 7 the admiral visited the *Captain*; the seas were then breaking heavily over the ship, and the admiral's galley was nearly swamped alongside.

At half-past one in the morning the *Captain* was seen from the flagship (the *Lord Warden*) steering a north-west course under treble-reefed topsails. A quarter of an hour later a heavy squall struck the squadron, and when day at last dawned after the night of storm the *Captain* had disappeared. She had turned turtle and sunk three minutes after the squall struck her, carrying with her nearly five hundred of her ship's company.

(The illustrations which accompany this article are reproduced by kind permission of the Parker Gallery, 2, Albemarle Street, W.1.

END

Woolly Jacket

(Continued from page 36)

GOOSEBERRY-STITCH PANELS (2 alike)

Cast on 13 sts. and work following patt. for 20 ins. Cast off. **1st row.**—* K. 1, p. 5; rep. from *, ending k. 1. **2nd row.**—* P. 1, k. 5; rep. from *, ending p. 1. **3rd row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) into the next st., p. 2, k. 1; rep. from * to end. **4th row.**—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 1; rep. from * to end. **5th row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 5, p. 2, k. 1; rep. from * to end. **6th row.**—As 4th row. Rep. these last 2 rows once. **9th row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 5, pass 4 sts. separately over st. just worked on right needle, p. 2, k. 1; rep. from * to end. **10th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. from 1st row.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side panels to back, and gooseberry-st. panels between side and front panels. Sew sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Sew on collar and buttons.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool is needed.

37 INCH

BACK.—Cast on 108 sts. instead of 100, and inc. to 136 sts. instead of 128. Reduce to 92 sts. and finish as 35 size.

THE TWO SIDE PANELS

Cast on 24 sts. instead of 20. Inc. to 39 sts. instead of 35. Finish as 35 size.

38 SIZE

Use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles and work as 37 size.

END

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

is the "American Forces in London" showing the Americans sightseeing near St. Paul's and the blitzed City, and shopping in the West End. One of the newest designs is to be the "American Eighth Air Force." There is a Free French scarf, and a Russian one covered with sickles, hammers and such. There is a "Salvage Campaign" which is extraordinarily pretty with old-fashioned dress stands, hot water bottles, salvage bins, and so on. The colouring of this is amazing, and the design very reminiscent of Schiaparelli. And then there are our own R.A.F. scarves. One has wings with quotations written underneath. Another has different Service camps. A third is called "The Senior Service." A fourth is all slogans. The prices range up to six guineas or so, and it's fun to see a really good English fashion go with such a swing.

END

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Of all Chemists and Stores.

No Moon Or Star (*Continued from page 28*)

all shot to bits. He had an uncomfortable chat with her. She told him where she came from. And there's no doubt whatever, it was Jane Saffron. Thought you'd be interested. You used to know them pretty well——"

"Did he say where he met her?" said Punch in a perfectly expressionless voice.

"As a matter of fact," the other laughed shamefaced, "I got the address. Thought if I were ever that way I'd look her up. Spot of Good Samaritan and all that——"

So, on a sultry afternoon in the late summer of 1939, Punch walked out of a railway station into a German seaport town.

He had refrained from warning Jane of his visit for she might have asked him not to come; so now he left his bags at an hotel and went out to search for No. 14 Friedrich-strasse, in the old part of the town.

Perhaps it was the heaviness of the afternoon gave the street so drab an air; perhaps it was the woman pushing a perambulator with two children at her untidy skirts. No. 14 would be at the other end of the road, so he followed the woman in that direction. She was a depressing sight with her wrinkled stockings and neglected hair—and when she turned to encourage a whining child, Punch saw that it was Jane.

No one but he would have known her. But it was the beaten look on her sallow face that shocked him most. He had taken an impulsive stride forward; now he checked. In his infinite pity he knew she would want at least to be *tidy*—he found angry tears in his eyes. And in that moment was born an implacable, personal hatred of the regime that had done this thing to Jane.

From a shadowed doorway he watched her out of sight, then went back to his hotel.

It should have been easy to write a simple letter: "I am here. When can I see you?" In fact, it took him half an hour, and then he added a postscript:—

"If, in view of the international situation you are going to England for a spell, my mother would be delighted to put you up. Perhaps I can help on the journey?"

Could a Nazi husband object to that?

He dispatched the letter by hand and settled down with an unsatisfactory newspaper to await her reply.

It was the first Thursday of September.

In the morning came a letter in a slanting, German hand:—

Dear Sir,

My wife thanks you for your offer of assistance, but will not be leaving the Reich. She regrets that unsettled circumstances do not permit us to entertain you on this visit and wishes you a comfortable journey. Heil Hitler!"

And an undecipherable signature.

For five minutes Punch stared at this document, then, stuffing it into his pocket, strode out of the hotel. It was already past noon and he had made up his mind to two things: That any English person in the Reich should be out of it by to-morrow and that he was not leaving Jane behind.

Under the curious eyes of two women gossiping on the pavement, Punch rang the bell of No. 14. His blood was up and his heart thumping.

He rang again and heard the echo in the silent house. The women drew closer and, catching his eye, one said:—

"*Sie sind weg.*"

"Gone away?" he demanded. "Where?"

They looked furtively at each other and shook their heads.

In laborious German he explained: "I came to see the Herr. I leave Germany to-morrow. Is there any one who could tell me where he has gone?"

They knew of no one. The Herr Doktor was an important man. Doubtless he had gone to some secret destination.

In the hotel, in the post office, Punch met bland, polite ignorance. A worried British consul told him bluntly: "The woman's *German*; we can do nothing. And neither will you from an internment camp! Take the first boat you can. Any of them now may be the last. And mind your step!"

So it came about that Punch abandoned Jane, for that was the way he saw it, and it did nothing to lessen his deep, determined anger against the country of her degradation.

THE mess knew him as an agreeable, rather silent chap with an amusing single-mindedness about landing on the German coast. He would go to any length to achieve this, and they indulgently abetted him.

When, therefore, orders came through that, "acting upon information received," a raid was scheduled for the next moonless Friday night, Punch was early in possession of what facts were known.

The information had been supplied by a recently escaped Dutchman who had had it from an Englishwoman across the German border, and such as it was, it was exact: A small, concrete building, so many hundred yards from a specified creek and camouflaged by trees, housed a research unit for the development of a U-boat anti-detection device. All but one approach was mined and the entire outfit festooned with booby traps. Under the Englishwoman's direction, the Dutchman had drawn and redrawn a map until he had it by heart. He had drawn it again the moment he set foot in England and was pretty sure it was correct. But the Dutchman had been through a good deal.

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting. The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair. Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to: "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and enclose an open postal order to the value of one shilling and *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send a type-written delineation of your character.

However, the Englishwoman had said that on moonless Friday nights a guide might be waiting at a point on the shore. The guide would say:—

"*Weder Mond noch Stern.*"

"*No moon or star.*" Punch breathed deeply. It was a good enough password; an innocent remark from one German to another on a black night; sufficiently distinctive not to be made by chance. And only one person could have chosen it; that he *knew*.

The boat slid through the dark water. The raiding party was silent, each with his own thoughts. Sergeant Batters, a north-countryman, told himself dourly that it was odds on the whole set-up being a trap. An Englishwoman—married to a German—then wasn't *she* German? He'd put the point to Lieutenant Rendel here and had been told to be ready with his torch and they'd soon know if she was all right.

Punch strained his eyes into the dark and swallowed the sour taste of excitement and fear. Since he was still a poet at heart, he saw a little further than most men and to-night his imagination was remorseless. Normally under firm control, to-night it showed him with dreadful clarity what lay ahead for Jane if the party failed.

The boat grounded gently and the party scrambled ashore. No word was spoken. Silently they moved over the mud, Punch counting the paces. When he stopped, a shadow stirred, a low voice murmured:—

"*Weder Mond noch Stern.*"

The words were almost drowned by the wash of the sea but, before they were out, his hand was over her mouth and he felt a woman's thin body in the grip of his other arm.

"*Sergeant*——"

The hooded torch lit the captive's face. Her great hollow eyes blinked in the glare. Punch's heart turned over.

"All right," he muttered harshly. "Carry on."

They were now under the trees and her hand tightened on his arm. Her lips to his ear she murmured:—

"A hundred yards on—a sentry on guard."

He gave his quiet order. The sergeant and a young commando slipped ahead. Waiting, Punch was aware of his own extraordinary calm. It was as if, now, he knew the certain end. Silently the two returned and the party went ahead.

A darker mass loomed before them in the dark of the trees.

"The guard-room, and three men in a laboratory, on the other side of the building. One, alone, on this. Windows all round—door here——"

The party divided and went rapidly about its familiar business. While the charges were laid, Punch stood under the trees, his eyes on a strip of light the length of a window shutter. How cold-blooded was Jane in all this? Was her husband in there? Her face beside him was invisible. Her voice had betrayed only fear.

Then Punch stiffened; the light had gone out. As he moved, a door opened. A man's feet crushed the leaves:—

"*Posten!*" he called sharply.

Under her breath, Jane gasped: "*Franz*—"

And Punch sprang.

They wanted no shooting, no alarms, and this Franz had a gun. They rolled over, struggling for mastery of it among the sharp little cracks of snapping twigs. The fellow was no match, but Punch had his hands full, the right with the gun, the left choking the fellow into silence.

Now—he could beat out this cunning brain and avenge poor Jane—and then he knew, with a baulked sense of frustration, that her husband's blood must not be on *his* hands.

Suddenly over them loomed the sergeant's great bulk with his hoarse: "'All reet, sir—Arr, *would* yer!" And the Nazi dropped, limp, in Punch's grip.

"All set, sir. Eleven minutes to go——"

They carried the sagging body back the way they had come. At the boat the sergeant asked: "Do we take him along, sir? Or give 'im a sailor's funeral—'e's dead." Jane caught a gasping breath.

"You'll have to come with us," Punch told her. A thought struck him: "Your children——?"

"I have lost my children." The quiet voice was cold with repressed bitterness. "Already they hate me for their English blood and they have been taken away. Perhaps, one day——" She drew a long breath and stepped into the boat.

They had cleared the creek and waited until the building went up, filling the sky with a lurid glare.

Ahead in the friendly dark lay England.

"'No moon or star,'" quoted Punch and added: "It wasn't a good poem. But it's still true, Jane."

"So you knew me." She began to weep quietly. Behind her were slipping away the misery and humiliation of eight heart-breaking years as the angry sky faded into the night.

END

1.3.44

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